TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

No man of decent impulses can conceive how anyone but a drunken man, or a fool, can be guilty of accosting respectable women on the street. Leaving the moral question aside, I cannot imagine a man with sense enough to conduct the ordinary business affairs of his life who, in his sober moments, is unable to tell a respectable woman from a street walker. Granted then that the ordinary man has either sense or intuition sufficient to guide him in such matters, what are we to think of the mixture of beast and egotist who accosts respectable women on the street after nightfall or seizes hold of them? Take for instance the man McGee who was fined in the police court on Monday. He is enough man of the world to be entrusted with samples as a commercial traveler, and we must suppose he knew the lady he accosted would resent his impudence. There is nothing then left but to believe that he belongs to that variety who pursue women even when they know their attentions are not only unwelcome but loathsome. They are of the class of criminal assailants who, when opportunity offers, are willing to commit unmentionable crimes. It is now the habit to flog such offenders, and the suggestion made in an evening paper is a sensible one, that men who approach defenceless women with the intent shown by McGee, should be whipped, and as they frequently have no brothers or husbands able to undertake the task, the law should provide the thrashing which public opinion has long decreed to be the proper punishment. Law is intended to be more protective than retributive, and criminal intention is recognised as being worthy of severe penalties; what criminal intention is more odious to the decent mind, more fearful to defenceless women, more dangerous to virtue, than the manifest impulses of such lecherous cowards as McGee?

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When such cases come into court the city papers would show better taste if they suppressed the name of the lady making the complaint. In almost every instance, women who have been insulted would rather bear it in silence than have their names bandied about in public prints. It is trying enough for them to give evidence in court, and in order to bring to punishment that numerous class of blackguards who infest the public streets, every consideration should be shown those who are now deterred by maidenly modesty from making complaint.

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It is fortunate for Sir John Macdonald that no one takes any violent interest in politics while the dog star rages and men are on summer pleasure bent. If in the winter, when men have time and inclination to devote to politics, such an appointment had been made as that of Edgar Dewdney to the post of Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, there would have been a howl of indignation from every province in the Dominion. Dewdney's administration of Indian affairs in the Northwest has been generally considered one of the chief causes of the Indian troubles which, coupled with the Metis rebellion, cost the country many lives and many millions of dollars to settle. Without any intellectual superiority, lacking in parliamentary experience, disqualified by his personal record, unworthy by reason of the absence of high moral attributes, Dewdney's appointment is an instance of that inexplicable favoritism which Sir John sometimes betrays and by which he as often betrays the best interests of his party and country.

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The appointment of Mr. John Haggart to the portfolio of Postmaster-General is much more sensible and infinitely more respectable. He is a great big fellow, with plenty of determination and force of character. That he is something of a sport and a favorite with the boys is no objection. In office he will be an approachable man, firm, sensible and diligent. He knows what the people want, and will do what he can to give it to them. It does not require a man of any great genius to preside over the Postoffice Department, and the majority of the people will be glad to see it in the hands of a common sense, even though he be a commonplace, Minister.

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It is to be regretted that the younger men do not receive more opportunity and encouragement in the Dominion Government. If old party hacks are to draw the coach of state we must expect but little progress and many wearisome delays. Young Tupper is about the only youthful member of the cabinet, and we get just a little bit tired of the never-ceasing effort to saddle the Tupper family on the burden-galled back of the patient public. It is bad enough to see Sir Charles dodging backward and forward between here and England in order to occupy two or three of the best positions in the public gift, as if Canada were short of men or was afraid to give anyone but Sir Tupper a chance to make a reputation as cabinet minister, British commissioner or diplomatist. But when we see his family crowded into Parliament, into the ministry, into lucrative offices, as if so much pains were being taken to prepare the country for his succession to office that there is no room left in the public view for anyone but a Tupper, it grows nauseating. The steamship Sarmatian left England yesterday freighted with Major-General Cameron, Sir Charles' son-in-law, who is to assume the position of commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston, than whom a more absurd person could scarcely be found. Sir Charles should be careful that before an opportunity arrives for him to succeed Sir John, the Tupper family will not have had so much of Canada that Canada will want no more of the Tupper family.

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The scandal wave continues to show how far Canada is from moral perfection. The latest sensation reveals the domestic infelicities of the wealthy Ward family of Montreal, and illustrates the fact that a beautiful home and luxurious surroundings do not insure a happy life. The wife was the daughter of an Anglican clergyman and was no doubt reared amidst good and wholesome surroundings, and yet within two years of her marriage she becomes the scandal of a watering place and is ejected from her hotel. The husband seems to have shown the patience of Job, and not until his wife appears to have abandoned all semblance of self respect, and he had reason to suspect her of trying to fill his system with powdered glass, did the worm turn and enter suit for divorce. Charles E. George, who was her companion in one of the illegitimate escapades which are now bringing Mrs. Ward so much notoriety, is a good sample of the man who is generally partner in that sort of guilt. A handsome fellow with dark curly hair, engaging manners and complete absence of principle, he was known as the leading liar on the Canadian press. He seemed to be a moral idiot, and yet he was a fellow who often went out of his way to do a companion a service, and would do it with such good grace that one could not help feeling unduly grateful. He was always ready to participate in any kind of a fraud, and indeed was exactly the kind of a man whom nobody should trust, though his appearance would lead almost everyone to put confidence in him. Surrounded by this sort of men, it only took Mrs. Ward four years from the time she left her father's rectory, a beautiful girl, to become the wife of a wealthy contractor, before she had ruined her own prospects, disgraced her parents, dishonored her husband, and was forced to fly from home, accused of attempting to murder the man she had promised at the altar to love, honor and obey. It is a short but instructive chapter with a moral not only for women, but for the husbands who, because they are engaged in public business or desirous of obtaining fat contracts, think it necessary to introduce at their homes all sorts of characterless adventurers and disreputable colleagues, unmindful of the old adage, "Evil communications will corrupt the best manners."

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Last week I made some mention of the imprisonment of Samo, who, while bailed on the charge of forgery, was held in durance practically as a prisoner for debt. Another example of how money is collected by what we had supposed the obsolete law of imprisonment for debt has been furnished this week in the case of Slingerland. The defendant has been confined in jail for five months because he was not able to show that certain lands in Michigan were not his property. He has now handed over the lands and affidavits have been submitted that he is utterly penniless, but still he lies in jail to give his creditors further time to find out if all his estate has been surrendered. Nothing more needs to be added to prove that imprisonment or threats of it, is still a leading method of collecting debts. It is a relic of the time when men were hanged for sheep stealing. I have no sympathy for dishonest men who endeavor to defraud their creditors, but I certainly believe that debts which cannot be collected by civil process should be written off as loss. As a rule, more honest men suffer by such processes than rogues, and sometimes men are forced to call upon their friends to purchase their liberty, in order to escape relentless creditors.

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We often see ladies marry, presumably for a title, but this week the Duchess of Montrose provides one of many instances where ladies of the highest rank have been satisfied to marry men who are plain "Mr." It must be a little embarrassing, however, for a man to hear his wife called "my lady" and "your Grace," while society has nothing better for him than "Mr." or plain "Bill."

The papers announce that Mr. John Ogilvie of Montreal, at his death left property worth nine hundred thousand dollars. Thursday morning, in a humble house on Queen street, Mr. William Hamilton, who was at one time as rich a man as Mr. Ogilvie, breathed his last amidst surroundings of absolute poverty. Mr. Hamilton was for some time President of the St. Louis Board of Trade, President of the Bridge Company which spanned the Mississippi from Illinois to Missouri, and the presiding officer of the great Beef Canning Association, besides holding many other offices of trust in the mercantile world in which he was once a central figure. Losses gradually impoverished him until he sold out his share in the business and brought the balance of his property, some sixty-five thousand dollars, to Parkdale. Afterwards, his old business having become still more unsuccessful, failed, and some of the creditors having intimated to Mr. Hamilton that the money he had taken out of the business should have been theirs, he freely gave it to them and left himself to die in poverty. A more kindly, generous man never lived, and his Masonic brethren and all who knew him will sincerely grieve that they will see his friendly face no more. So runs the world away. The poor become rich, and the rich become poor, and as Ingersoll said in concluding his oration over Courtland Palmer, "A heart breaks, a man dies, a leaf falls in the far forest, a babe is born, and the great world sweeps on."

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That a hundred and seventy-seven out of two hundred and twenty-four candidates who presented themselves for University matriculation in the June examinations were successful is an excellent showing for the progress higher education is making throughout Ontario. That High Schools in little places like Elora should have five successful candidates is extremely creditable. Many of the successful matriculants were from the High Schools of places such as Seaforth, Oshawa, Uxbridge, Clinton, Aylmer, Walkerton, Tilsonburg, St. Mary's, Whitby, etc. I doubt if any State in the American Union can show such a record. We ought to be proud of our educational institutions and the interest people are taking in more advanced scholarship.

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It is said that Lord Dufferin proposes to return to England from India by way of the Pacific Ocean to Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and intends making a considerable stay in Canada. If he does he will receive the most enthusiastic reception ever accorded any visitor who has ever come to these shores, and it will be recorded that one of our ex-Governor-Generals has taken the pains to visit us after his salary expired.

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The funeral of the late Courtland Palmer of the Nineteenth Century Club, afforded Col. Bob Ingersoll another opportunity to deliver an oration over the body of a dead friend. Though it was considerably inferior to his other efforts in the same line, the eloquent agnostic succeeded as usual in clothing his sophisms with the most polished and engaging rhetoric. For instance, he said of the dead man, "He denied the supernatural, the phantoms and ghosts that filled the twilight land of fear. To him and for him there was but one religion—the religion of pure thoughts and noble words, of self-denying deeds, of honest work for all the world, the religion of hope and help." All this was pretily said but Col. Bob Ingersoll never specifies the instance where agnosticism has been equally as valuable a factor in civilization a belief in the supernatural, and he continually ignores what everyone knows to be the fact, that it is the Christianity he despises which has driven forth the "phantoms and the ghosts that filled the twilight land of fear." No doubt he truthfully stated that to Courtland Palmer and for him "There was but one religion, that of pure thoughts, of noble words, of self-denying deeds, of honest work for all the world," but can he say this of agnostics or agnosticism in general? The religion of Courtland Palmer may have been that of "hope and help" as Bob Ingersoll said, but what of hope is there in agnosticism, or what of help in negation?

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Ingersoll said that "facts were the foundation of his dead friend's faith, history his prophet, reason his guide, duty his deity, happiness his end, intelligence the means." All this may have been true of the individual; it is not true of the class.

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He said that his dead friend's religion "conquers prejudice and hatred, drives all superstition from the mind, ennobles and lengthens and enriches life, drives from every heart the fiends of selfishness and fear, banishes from every brain the monsters of the night." Is this true of agnosticism? Has it conquered the rank Republican and partisan prejudices of Bob Ingersoll, or taught him to forget his hatred of the South? Has it so ennobled his mind that he refuses to accept retainers from clients who are in the wrong, have his lectures driven from any heart the "fiends of selfishness and fear?" How has he lived and labored for his fellow-countrymen? He said Courtland Palmer "sided with the weak and poor against the strong and rich." Possibly. Ingersoll and Palmer professed the same belief, or rather the same lack of belief; but how does Ingersoll "side with the weak and poor against the strong and rich?" He is one of the most noted counsel for great and oppressive corporations. He is always on the side of the big retainers!

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A comparison of Bob Ingersoll and Courtland Palmer therefore indicates the impossibility of generalising from single instances what the effect of agnosticism would be on others. If what Ingersoll said of Palmer be true, agnosticism produced good works in the one which it has failed to produce in the other. Should we not credit Courtland Palmer's intellectuality, good impulses and refined nature with the good deeds done, and deny credit to agnosticism when in others it does not produce a like result?

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We can all join with Col. Ingersoll in his questions, "What words can solve the mystery of life, the mystery of death? What words can justly pay a tribute to the man who lived to his ideal, who spoke his honest thoughts, who was turned aside neither by envy nor hatred, nor contumely nor slander, nor scorn nor fear? What words will do that life the justice that we know and feel?"

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"By the grave of man stands the angel of silence," says Ingersoll. "By the grave of man stands the angel of resurrection," says Christ's teaching. The evidence of our own impulses, of the hope within us, of the skies above us, of the life around us, make us accept the words of Christ, and ours is the happier faith.

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But how many can join with him in his assertion, "No one can tell which is better—life with its gleams and shadows, its thrills and pangs, its ecstasy and tears, its wreaths and thorns, its griefs and Golgothas, or Death, with its peace, its rest, its cool and placid brow, that hath within no memory, no fear of grief or pain." The answer comes instinctively—"Life." To the most miserable, to the most hopeless, to the prisoner condemned to solitary confinement, to all alike except the insane suicide, the answer comes, "Give me life, life, any kind of life, in preference to death." This is at least an universal answer, if it be only that of instinct. It is a glorious answer, when it is that of faith.

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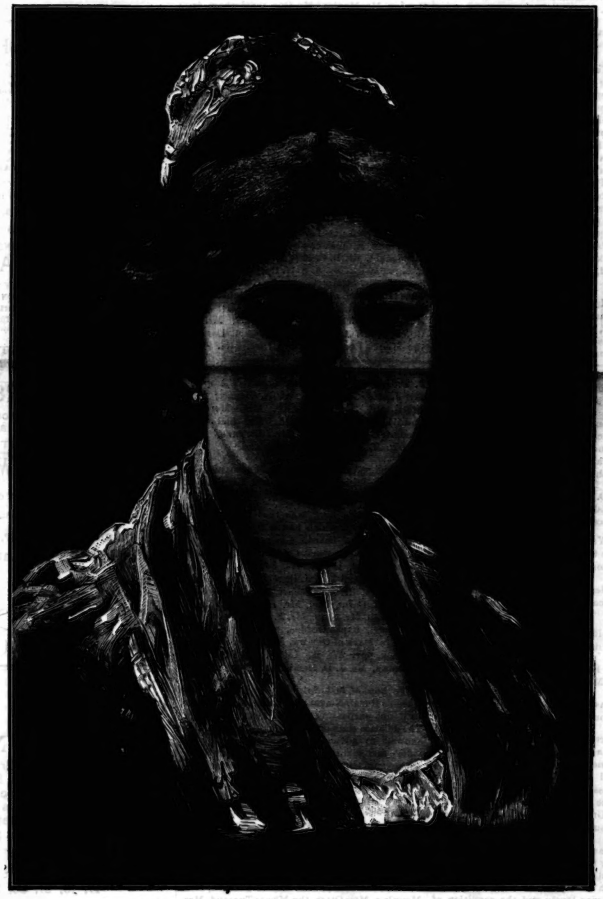

AN AUSTRIAN BEAUTY.

Daughter of a Southern shore!
Maiden of the wine-dark eyes,
Memories of bluer skies
Wreathe thy form for evermore.

A moment ere her light goes out
One buxom damsel, short and stout,
Winds auburn hair on strips of tin,
And bends them till it stays therein.

At evening, when the sun hath set,
And blue skies deepen into jet,
I sometimes light a mild cigar
And wonder who my neighbors are.

I watch them from my third floor back—
In truth they are an *ensemble* pack;
And you would quite agree with me
Could you know all the things I see.

One graceful shadow stands between
A gas light and a gauzy screen;
I have not seen her face, but yet
She hath a charming silhouette.

A jolly Rabelaisian priest,
Who has a dozen chins at least,
Puffs his old pipe with peaceful leer
And mighty swigs of bottled beer.

One wild-eyed Yahoo blows the flute
Till all the wrangling cats are mute!
Some hapless love hath crazed him quite,
And made of him an Ishmaelite.

Sweet neighbor, whose'er thou art,
I pray thee draw thy screens apart,
Or sable curtains spread before;
I would see less of thees, or more.

Judge.

Society.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. C. Bethune and family are the guests of Major and Mrs. Foster, Earlscourt.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baird, 90 Grosvenor street, will be absent in Banff about six weeks.

Mrs. and Miss Langmuir have returned from the Falls.

Mrs. Elmes Henderson is back in town after about twelve months' absence in Europe.

The Misses McCutcheon have gone over to the Niagara Falls for a short holiday.

Mr. L. A. Tilley has gone to Winnipeg, Banff and the Pacific coast to spend his vacation.

A tennis tournament was held on Friday afternoon last week, at Mrs. Bunting's, 25 Queen's Park, about twelve young ladies competing, a racquet being offered to the successful one. Doubles were played, and then the winners of the final double played against each other in singles. Miss Lucy Howard proved herself to be the strongest player, and was awarded the racquet.

Mrs. George Holmstead and family have gone to Beaumaris, Muskoka, for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean Howard and the Misses Howard left town on Saturday last for Muskoka.

Mr. C. W. Bunting sailed from England per S. S. Vancouver on Thursday with Miss Bunting. They are expected home to-morrow week.

Mr. George Holmstead left for New York on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Evans and Miss Evans left on the steamer Algerian of the Richelieu and Ontario Line for Montreal on Monday afternoon where they boarded the Parisian, Allan Line, Wednesday night, and sailed for Europe from Quebec this morning. They will be absent two or three years and propose spending the winter in Nice.

Mr. John Murray, manager of the Dominion Bank, Belleville, who has been staying a few days in town, went home again on Wednesday.

Miss Robinson came down from Governor's Island for a day this week, and returned thence on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gamble are back in town after visiting their daughter, Mrs. Helmuth, in London, Ont.

Mrs. John Langtry and daughter have gone to Grimsby for a month.

Mr. Philip Todd spent last Sunday in Seaforth, where his wife is summering.

Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. George W. Beardmore, Miss Beardmore and Miss Helen Beardmore are at the Argyll, St. Andrew's, N.B.

Last Saturday afternoon a good many of the fashionable world were to be found on the charming grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club. Although not many people are still in town, there were numerous absentees from among the number of those who are here, which was surprising when the importance of the match in hand is taken into consideration. At Hamilton everybody turns out to any cricket match, but here, owing I suppose to the greater number of attractions on any particular day, this is not often the case. I could not help thinking last Saturday that it was perhaps as well that more ladies did not honor the Toronto Cricket Club with their presence, since no chairs had been provided for the accommodation of spectators, and it was with some difficulty that even benches enough could be found to seat those who did come. That an eleven of Hamilton, which did not include one or two of the best men of that town, should defeat an eleven of the Toronto Club, which was about as strong a one as they ever put into the field, must have been as great a surprise to the Hamilton men as it was to the other side and to the spectators. No doubt in the first innings Toronto had the worst of the wicket, and no doubt Mr. Gillespie bowled well, but considering that the fielding was weak and that at least three easy catches were missed, it was surely a surprise that so reputedly strong a batting eleven should not make more than a hundred runs. Amongst the ladies present I noticed Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. Henry Moffatt, the Misses Walker, the Misses Strachan, Miss Saunders, the Misses Shanly, Miss Birchall, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Broughall, Miss Larratt-Smith, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Jones.

On the same afternoon quite a large number of the members, both feminine and masculine, of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club and of the Park Lawn Tennis Club assembled at the grounds of the former to witness the match between the two clubs. If the ladies of the Park Club were to meet the ladies of the Toronto Club I believe that the latter would stand a very poor show, but as regards gentlemen the Toronto Club is still *facile princeps*. In the single matches Messrs. Plummer, Galt, Hayes and Fox were all successful against their visitors from the Park, Mr. Yarker alone suffered defeat at the hands of Mr. Ross, although in the doubles Mr. Yarker with Mr. Kirkpatrick for his partner successfully disposed of Messrs. Ross and Langton. The afternoon was a very pleasant one both for players and spectators. The tea and cake for which the Toronto Club is so justly famed, was as much appreciated as it always is.

Amongst Mrs. Robinson's guests is Mr. Creighton Stuart, who, returning to Toronto for but a few days, will continue his journey westwards to British Columbia, Japan, and India, and thence home to England.

Mr. George Michie was a passenger by this week's Allan liner, the Parisian, and will spend a month or two in England and Scotland.

Mr. Rowe, once of London, Eng., but now a successful ranchman in Texas, has been staying at the Island, the guest of Mr. John Small. Messrs. Small and Rowe went this week for a short visit to the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Harry D. Gamble has also forsaken the shores of the Island and betaken himself to the shores of old ocean.

Miss Maud Yarker has gone to that hospitable spot on the Georgian Bay, Mr. A. H. Campbell's house, Longulssa.

Mr. Alexander Duncan has left town and is crossing the continent to Banff and British Columbia.

Mr. Napier Robinson, now of Belleville, was here for a few days last week.

The Messrs. Kershaw have again taken their departure for Muskoka.

Miss Hodgins has returned from a long stay at Hamilton, but will shortly again leave town.

The new Victoria Tennis Club celebrated its first year by a large At Home on Thursday. The club's energetic secretary, Mr. Stuart Morrison, had spared no pains to make the affair a success. The match arranged for the benefit of the spectators was between the Victoria and Granite Clubs. I shall have more to say on the subject next week.

The Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen has every reason to congratulate itself on the successful result of the ninth annual regatta, which took place on Wednesday last. The weather was lovely and the condition of the water was as near perfection as any one could reasonably expect. A gratifying feature of the affair was the promptness which marked the whole proceedings from start to finish. Not a single mishap marred the pleasure of the day, each race up to the last being rowed on time.

I think all Toronto was there. The wharfs, pleasure boats, the steamers, and in fact every coign of vantage was made use of by the admirers of athleticism. I had three choices to select from—the Hastings, the Luella, and the Argonaut Club House. Acting on the advice of Mr. M. M. Kertland, the courteous honorary treasurer of the association, I flung in my lot with the latter and found little reason to regret my choice. The view from the roof of the Argonaut Club House was perfection and every move in the different races I saw to advantage. Any description of the latter is needless in this connection as that ground has already been gone over in every particular by the daily press.

Amongst the gathered assembly of fair women and good-looking men who viewed the different races from the home of the Argonauts were Capt. Jack Murray and Mrs. Murray, Mr. Henry O'Brien, the popular past president, and the Misses O'Brien, Mrs. Arthurs, Miss Arthurs, Mr. W. Armstrong, Rev. J. Knox-Wright, and Mrs. J. Knox-Wright, Miss Shields, Miss Kitty Shields, Miss Peters, Miss Grand, Mr. V. A. Toslack, Mr. C. Christie of Montreal, Captain P. D. Hughes, Mr. Manley, Mr. Geo. Gooderham, jr., Miss Gooderham, Miss Lily Gooderham, Miss Botsford of Windsor, Miss Northrup, Mr. Walter Read, Judge Galt, Mr. Henry Howland, Mr. Henry Howland, jr., Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the Misses Drynan, the Misses Osler, Miss Harvey, Miss Tulloh, Mrs. John Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Kertland, Miss Parsons, the Misses Walker, Dr. Henderson of Ottawa, Mr. G. A. Sparks of Ottawa, Mrs. John Foy, Mr. C. Egerton Ryerson, Mr. Wm. Richardson, Mr. J. L. Capreol, Judge McDougall, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. J. McGee, Mr. Ed. Smith, Mr. R. Myles, Miss Beatty, Miss Maude Beatty, Miss Vickers, Miss Kate Laidlaw, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. Jack Macdonald, Mr. F. X. Magee, Mr. John Cornell, Mr. Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Sewell, the Misses Sewell, Mr. A. C. Macdonnell, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. Frank E. Macdonald and Mrs. Frank E. Macdonald, Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. R. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. A. S. H. Hector, Mrs. Harry Symons, Mr. S. Morrison, Mrs. Geo. Torrance, Miss Huguel of Port Hope, Mr. Lightbourne, Mr. L. McMurray, Mr. C. H. Fitton, Mr. E. H. Rutherford, Mr. Archie Langmuir, Mr. F. Gillespie, Mr. A. H. Brock, Mr. Cecil Lee and the Misses Lee, Mr. James Ince, Mrs. Chas. Cockshutt, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. T. S. Jarvis, Miss Armstrong, Mr. F. M. Wade, Mr. J. F. Thompson and Mrs. Corlett-Thompson, Mr. James Garvin, Mr. C. A. Bogart, Miss Scott, Mr. E. A. Meredith, Mrs. Meredith and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Moffatt, Mr. Gwynne, Miss Broughall, Mr. Barlow Cumberland.

The judges' yacht Condor had on board Capt. W. Davidson, Mr. J. Massey and Mr. C. A. B. Brown.

The referee's boat was that pretty steam yacht the Vivid which had a pleasant household party on board, amongst whom were Capt. F. Polson, owner, Col. and Mrs. Sweeney, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Scadding, Miss T. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Miss Morphy, Miss Boyes, Mr. J. J. Stuart, Mr. J. Robertson, Mr. A. R. Carmichael, Mr. H. Pringle, Mr. J. Henderson, Mr. Scott, Mr. F. W. Barrett, Mr. J. Macnel, Capt. Geddes, Mr. Fairfield, Mr. and Mrs. Mark of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Addison, Mr. W. A. Littlejohn, Mr. J. T. Mathews, Mr. J. D. Henderson.

The hop of last Saturday evening at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was equal to if not surpassing that of two weeks ago. The delicate tints of the shaded electric lights showed to advantage the costumes of the ladies, and at the same time did not play havoc with complexions, which, as a rule, dread such a light.

The music and floor were, as usual, perfect. Twelve o'clock and God Save the Queen came all too soon for the gay dancers. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Major-Gen. Thacker, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Austin Smith, Miss Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Miss Manning, Miss Otter, the Misses Tureaud, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Messrs. A. G. Brown, W. Creelman, J. L. McMurray, H. D. Gamble, J. E. Littlejohn, R. Cassimir Dickson, A. Burdette Lee, of Toronto; Mrs. Gwynne, Miss Crombie, the Misses Sweetland, Mr. C. and Miss Magee, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dunn and a party of sixteen ladies and gentlemen from Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Millar, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Meech, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Burnett, Miss Hoxsie, Miss Thompson, Miss Loomis of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Negus of Dayton, and many others.

Yesterday and to-day the annual bowling tournament is in progress, and to-night the hop will doubtless be well attended by the contestants and their friends.

During the present month the proprietors have decided on giving two hops weekly, viz., on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, so our citizens need not complain for lack of enjoyment during these delightful summer evenings.

Last Monday evening the guests were treated to an entertainment entitled Laughter, by Mr. Walter Pelham, which was well appreciated by those who were privileged to hear it.

Mr. Fox has gone to Hon. Beverley Robinson's island in Lake Joseph.

Capt. and Mrs. Grant are staying with Miss Dickson at Galt.

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"Don" at Linlithgow.

THE first letter I wrote described at some length the coachman who managed the four-in-hand on which we rode to the Derby. Though I may risk repetition, I must make some reference to the Gorgeous Being who drove the coach and drank beer at the expense of the passengers between Edinburgh and Queensferry. A soldier with a red tunic is rather a gaudy object, but a coachman with a red coat, white pants, top boots and a plug hat, is a spectacle which should never be looked at with the naked eye; viewed through a smoked glass he is about all the optic nerve can stand. We had two of these Gorgeous Beings, the driver and another, who acted as conductor of the curious vehicle which resembles a section of a theater gallery mounted on wheels. The observation coach is composed of four big yellow wheels over which is built a platform considerably higher at the rear than at the front. On this there are seats for between twenty and thirty people. It is drawn by four horses, and the guard stands in the middle of the vehicle and delivers a lecture descriptive of the scenery through which we pass, relieving himself occasionally by blowing a horn or taking one. The morbid appetite of these men for drink, was necessarily shocking to men who, like Patterson and myself, came from the temperance city of Toronto. The coach stopped at every wayside "pub," as the guard remarked, to give us a chance to stretch our legs, more probably with a view to having us moisten his fevered lips with whisky and soda.

The first point of interest on the remarkably fine road is the bridge over which we passed in leaving Edinburgh. It is noted for the frequency of the suicides which take place there. The Gorgeous Being told us it had become quite the fashion for those who desire to put themselves to death, to jump off the parapet of the lofty bridge, so much so in fact, that the city fathers were thinking of putting a higher railing there with the idea of forcing despairing ones to enter eternity by some other door.

It was a charming ride, particularly through the Earl of Hopetoun's estate, and in a little over an hour we were swinging down the long hill which leads to the immense work shops where the material is prepared for the gigantic bridge now being erected across the Frith of Forth. This stupendous structure, not reckoning the approaches, which are in themselves a most wonderful undertaking, is four thousand seven hundred and fifty feet long, constructed on the cantilever principle, with two spans of seventeen hundred feet each, and two others of six hundred and seventy-five feet each. As we stood on the dock which is built out to one of the main piers, it was an eerie sight looking up at the enormous spans of steel suspended in mid air, the ends approaching one another by the slow process of riveting plates of steel one on the other. These vast masses of metal, in the form of a semi-circle, were yet hundreds of feet apart, and one could not see how they were supported even by that network of cables reaching up to the tops of lofty piers. The depth of the main girders at the piers is three hundred and thirty feet, and at the center fifty feet, and the bridge at the piers is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and at the center twenty-seven feet. Under the bridge there is a clear headway for navigation at high water of one hundred and fifty feet, while the highest part of the bridge towers above the level of the tide three hundred and fifty-four feet. Beneath this there are two hundred and ten feet of water in the channel, and the engineers compute that the weight of steel to be used in construction will reach over forty-two thousand tons. It is, without doubt, the greatest feat of engineering ever attempted. Looking up, the riveters working on the immense tubes which year by year are growing closer to each other, appeared to be the size of little children, and it is not strange that the history of the work is full of terrible fatalities.

Our return trip was enlivened by the stories and jokes of the coachman and guard, upon whom the frequent potations of whisky and soda were becoming apparent to the most inexperienced observer. The coachman traded hats with one of the passengers, and the guard loaned his tile to an enthusiastic gentleman from America for collection purposes. The contributions were large, but the coachman, in a spirit of practical joking, appropriated the fund to himself, and let one of the passengers drive while he made a speech thanking the generous donors for their appreciation of his services. The guard could see where the money had gone, but not where the joke came in, and sat apart in bitterness for the rest of the trip, forgetting to toot the horn, and on one occasion even refusing to take more than three consecutive drinks at the concluding inn. The appetite for drink of the Old Country man-servant is only exceeded by his cankering desire for tips. The combination of the two makes it exceedingly interesting for the stranger, who in his eagerness to satisfy the cravings of the brazen beggars, is apt to inebriate the hireling and impoverish himself.

The following day we took the train and went out to Linlithgow, the ancient capital of Scotland, some sixteen miles from Edinburgh, and found there one of the quaintest old towns in the United Kingdom. Considerable of it, including the church, palace and the town house, are of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Though some of the original buildings are much older, but little of the architecture previous to that period can be found. I am not a judge of mediæval architecture, but what I say on such points may be accepted as reliable, having been taken from the guide books.

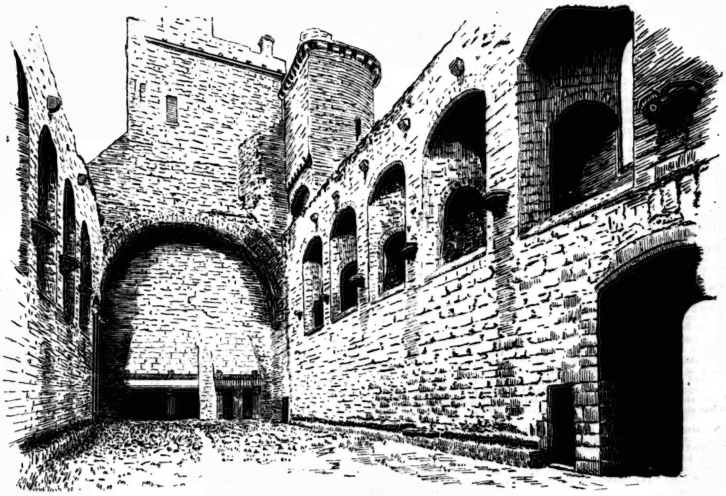
The gateway at the top of the Kirk road is said to have been erected by James the Fifth of Scotland in the sixteenth century, and is alleged to be a very typical thing of its kind. Over the gate are the carvings of the four orders held by its royal architect: the arms of Scotland and the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," which in English means, "No one will meddle me with impunity." Beside it is the order of the Garter and "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," or in words more intelligible to readers who are unaware of French or haven't a guide book handy, "Evil to him who evil thinks." Next, The Golden Fleece and "*Pretium non vile*," in our vocabulary, "No ignoble reward." Next, the Cockle, or more commonly called, St. Michael, the motto being, "*Tremor immensi oceani*," which in Canadian means, "The troubling of the great deep." In the little towers at each side of the gateway there is a little burrow in which a man in ancient times used to recline on his bosom and gaze out through the port holes in the wall and salute the stranger with, "Avaunt there! Who cometh? Halt, or be me jabberk I will have thee cast into the de-epest d-e ungeon of the donjon keep;" at least this is the sort of thing that the mediæval soldier with the clanking tin mail on, remarks at the play. Entering the gateway we passed the fine old church and through beautifully kept grounds approach the entrance of the castle. Passing under heavy masonry we come to the interior of the quadrangle or court of the palace, and before us stands the remains of the fountain erected by James the Fifth, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when he remodelled the homestead, so as to have it look its best preparatory to bringing home his bride, the Princess Magdalene of France. Do not let my knowledge of history paralyze you; there is more of this sort of thing further on.

LINLITHGOW PALACE FROM THE SOUTH.

The group of sculpture, observable in the illustration, over the east entrance was also put in position about the same time. The various parts of the building exhibit different styles of architecture owing to the habit of warlike clans battering sections of it down every time they had an assassination or a difference of opinion with the King, the preachers or the Parliament. The north side of it was rebuilt in 1620, the old building—probably built by a speculator—having gone to rack, and the rats and bugs having destroyed the floors and roof. The appearance and arrangements of this side are said to be modern in comparison with the rest of the palace—they all looked alike to me. The west side of the court is very plain, and is much older than the remainder, though the gentleman who so kindly showed us through it called our attention to the large window which had been made in the wall of the living room the time James the Sixth got married, considerably altering the appearance of the apartment.

In going through the palace about the first thing you strike is the kitchen in the corner with its huge fire-place with another one below. Pigeons were fluttering around and bats bumping against the walls as I climbed down a heap of rubbish and followed the passages into what used to be the old prison. The dungeons are something awful. If those dripping rocks could write a few chapters on the events coming under their notice, the copyright of the story would be worth a fortune. It seems to me that a man would die of heart-break and rat-bites in about two hours if immured in such a pestilent pit.

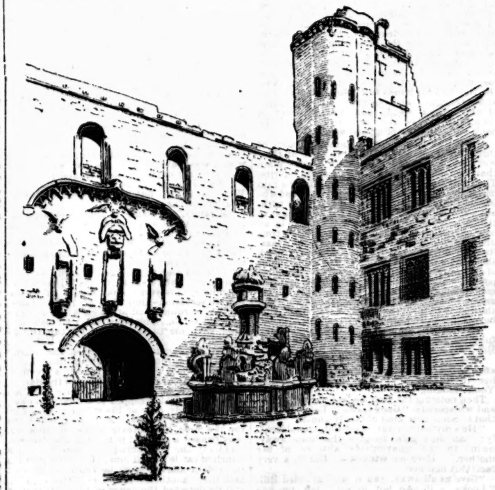
Climbing up the staircase in the corner we reach the Great Hall or Lyon Chamber, in which the Parliament was at one time holden. The large illustration shows this hall, though it gives but little idea of its height or distance from the ground. In its time this apartment was hung with tapestry and lighted by windows filled with stained glass, and the walls, which are now gray with age and stained by the storms of centuries, echoed with the eloquence of the Reformers of John Knox's time and was brilliant with the gorgeous and semi-barbaric pageants which preceded the advent of the great Scotch evangelist. Ninety-eight feet long by thirty wide, it was a hall of no mean dimensions, with a passage gallery along the inner side from which both the Parliament and the quadrangle were in view, while at the north end was the music gallery which has been in but little use since David Rizzio used to lead the choir. It will be remembered that David was a Piedmontese musician of humble birth who followed some French noble to Scotland, and probably made his living something after the style of the Italian gentlemen who grind the organ and instigate the monkey to pass around the hat. He got very solid with Queen Mary, and was promoted to a private secretaryship, which swelled his head and made him think he owned the earth. His haughty, overbearing manner got him into trouble with the Scotch nobles, and Mary's husband became jealous, and assisted by half a dozen aristocratic assassins, one night they dragged David away from Mary's tea-table in Holyrood Palace, where he had already been considerably stabbed, carried him into the next room and filled him so full of holes he couldn't hold his breath.



PARLIAMENT HALL (ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE PALACE)—SHOWING THE GALLERY AND FIREPLACES.

The private chapel, where James the Fifth used to go to church and the Princess Mary listened to mass before she went away to France and married the Dauphin, is near by. It is lighted by five or six long, narrow windows and was apparently filled with statues. Some of the figures supporting the base of the niches are quite interesting, representing persons playing on musical instruments something like the doleful accordeon. The ridges on the walls indicate that the roof of this chapel had been raised at three different times—the rows they used to have in that palace over religion being enough to raise a roof of solid rock. On the west side of the palace is the great show-room where we are told that Mary Queen of Scots was born one night when the December winds were wailing through the hills and over the loch. As this happened in 1542, I am not exactly certain of what kind of weather it was, but it adds interest to the story to say that the winds were wailing as if aware of the trouble poor Mary was to have before her head was chopped off by the order of her gentle cousin, forty-five years later. The room has been altered since her time and modernized somewhat, but as it stands now it is a frosty-looking spot to be born in. There is a large fire-place at the end of the huge apartment, but in the winter I should imagine, even with big logs burning on the hearth, it would be mighty chilly at the opposite side of the room. The illustration shows (No. 5) where the ceiling used to be; of course it is long since fallen in. The floors used to be strewed with rushes, herbs and flowers before the ingenious housewife invented the dizzy rag carpet and gorgeous mat. The rooms right next to it were bed chambers which still show some very fine graining. In two of them there is the carving of a stag lying under a tree with the motto, "*Belle a vous leule*," the guide book translation being, "Sweet be your waking." In this corner of the palace as in the other corners, there is a spiral staircase. I mounted the corkscrew-like stairway, and after much heavy breathing reached Queen Margaret's bower. If Queen Margaret weighed as much as I do she would have had her bower a good deal lower down. The view from the bower is exceedingly fine and about all the fun Queen Margaret used to have was to sit on the stone bench and gaze at the scenery, for, like Queen Mary she traveled in mighty hard luck. I copied an inscription on the wall but have lost the verse of very bad poetry which began with,

"Queen Margaret sat in her lonely bower,
And with sighing and tears
Beguiled the passing hour."



THE QUADRANGLE—SHOWING THE EAST ENTRANCE AND FOUNTAIN.

ROOM ON SECOND FLOOR IN WHICH MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS WAS BORN—SHOWING QUEEN MARGARET'S BOWER.

tory are somewhat in contrast with the ancient palace, and the odor would no doubt have shocked Queen Margaret's aristocratic nose, while she would be further saddened by the sight of the Poor House.

The store rooms, the barracks for the guard, one of them communicating with Queen Mary's room by a concealed stair, and a series of cells fill the southwest corner. Near the entrance to the quadrangle is the guard room, and we were shown the place where Regent Murray was carried after he was shot. I never had any sympathy for Murray, though in his time he was credited with being a reformer, and was very solid with the preachers whose chief amusement seems to have been denouncing Queen Mary, while she, poor thing, widowed and helpless, was trying at first to behave herself and make as good a Queen as her infirmities would permit. No one who remembers her story can look in her old room in the ruined palace, without recalling the legends of her wondrous beauty and fascinating graces. We may remember Henry Darnley, her ungrateful husband, who was murdered by Bothwell; we may try to recall the shameful episode of her marriage with her husband's murderer, but in spite of every effort to think harshly of the woman, we can see nothing but the vision of her loveliness, when she came back from France and was bullied and abused because she was a papist, by the harsh reformers of the time, and we do not wonder that she longed for the society and gaiety of the French capital, and found solace in Rizzio's music and in the rites of the church in which she was born. Nor is it strange that the light disposition she inherited from her mother was hardened to sin, and even crime, by the persecutions of those who sought to convert her. Denied the ordinary companionship and peace of a happy home, she fixed her affections on unworthy men as many a woman has done since when denounced by those who teach a doctrine in which condemnation and fury are all they can afford for those who are opposed to them This room here, where Murray the bully, the bribe giver, who though he did much for Scotland was anything but a lovely character, lay bleeding three hundred years ago, has a story which tells of the violence which gave birth to the religious liberties which we now enjoy—or perhaps abuse.

Beyond the guard-room is a much less romantic spot—the bakery—with its oven—existing uninjured in the wall, one of that sort which were first thoroughly heated, the fire being then withdrawn before the food was introduced for baking. Next to it are the stables, paved with round boulders. This leads us into the east entrance, where there is an opening in the masonry overhead for the portcullis. It has guard rooms on each side connecting with a narrow apartment with loopholes which commanded the draw-bridge over which the cavaliers used to clank in merry procession in the olden times. Further on we come to the dungeons again which are called in the guide book the "Lions' Den." This name is explicable by the fact that some of the kings used to keep small menageries, and probably fed the animals on traitors' meat and heretics' bones. Outside are the fragments of three round towers, which are supposed to be the remains of the castle built by Edward the First in 1302, which Bruce ordered to be "dung doun" after it had been disgracefully taken by a farmer named Bunnock.

After we left the palace, Mr. John Richard who is the head of the great type-founding firm of which my companion is the Canadian representative, took us to his beautiful country home on the hill above Linlithgow, and there we had an opportunity of seeing modern life in its happiest phases on those old hills which have witnessed so many changes since the towers of the palace were built.

Next week I will give some sketches of London, which will be followed by a brief description of my trip through Belgium and France, including my experience at the Grand Prix—the great Sunday at the French Derby. Though the present article, as I promised, is devoted to the description of a ruined palace of the old regime, and, less interesting than some of the others, I hope it will convey an idea of how the old timers kept house.

DON.

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changed very little since her time, but on the hill separating the lake from the Frith of Forth she would notice a monument erected to the memory of the warriors who fell in the Indian mutiny and could almost see the great railway bridge over the Frith at Queensferry, where the lonely Margaret once sat on a boulder, waiting for the ferry, the town having gotten its name from the legend that after her misfortunes she, having no private gondola, escaped from her enemies in the ferry boat. There is an old Roman road on the top of the hill, from which can be seen Arthur's seat, the south side of Edinburgh and Pentland Hills, as well as an oil factory and some paper mills, some soap works and the chimney of a distillery. On the other side some shoe shops, a tannery and a glue fac-

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He who reads with discernment and choice will acquire less learning, but more knowledge.—*Bolingbroke.*

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—*Goethe.*

We lose more friends by our requests than by our refusals.

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

THE BELLE OF SAN MIGUEL

By Forbes Heermans.

II.

Before sunrise next morning the Don left the Horseshoe V 3 Ranch. He had passed a sleepless night, thinking over what he had heard, and as he placed his left foot in the stirrup and mounted Roziuante, he swore a reverential oath that, come what might, Mirandy should be saved. It was true he had not been well treated, either by the widder or Mirandy, he told himself again, yet—love yer enemies—he'd heap coals of fire on their heads, and do them good for evil. That had been his principle in life, ever since he reformed. Besides, what man of spirit and honor could see such an outmounted Roziuante, he swore a reverential oath that, come what might, Mirandy should be saved. It was true he had not been well treated, either by the widder or Mirandy, he told himself again, yet—love yer enemies—he'd heap coals of fire on their heads, and do them good for evil. That had been his principle in life, ever since he reformed. Besides, what man of spirit and honor could see such an outmounted Roziuante, and not interfere? Even if the rage committed, and not interfere? Even if the girl were a stranger to him, he could not do less than shoot the villain, and rescue her to her weeping family. But when she was his heart's-ease—Mirandy! Rejoice, for the hour is at hand!

He pulled out his carbine from its holster under his leg to see if it was all right. And yet, wasn't shooting too good for a man who would treat a woman as Bob Green was going to treat Mirandy? Shouldn't he be hanged? Then he examined the raw-hide lasso that hung from his saddle-horn, in painful doubt on this question.

He would intercept the party at the Montezuma crossing, he told himself, and show Bob Green that there was one man who was good enough still left in San Miguel County. And he'd do the deed single-handed; perhaps Mirandy would smile upon him a little for that—perhaps she'd—marry him. B'hold th' bride-groom cometh—perhaps. His head grew dizzy at this thought, and he pushed his horse into a hard gallop, and rode out of the ranch.

When the sun rose that morning, it lit up a perfect day. Here and there on the rolling mesas stood a sentinel cactus or pinnacle that split up the yellow light into long lanes that lay softly on the lea. As the day grew older and the shadows shorter, one might have noticed a small cumulus cloud in the west, hanging close to the line where land and sky joined. This cloud grew larger and darker as it sailed toward the zenith, and presently it covered it until the blue was hidden behind the gray. Then swift zigzag streaks of gold darted from one part of the heaven to another, and dull, rumbling peals of thunder followed the flashes. There was coming a storm in April—an extraordinary occurrence in New Mexico.

Down the road that skirted Los Tanos might have been seen two persons—a man and woman—riding at full speed. The man sat bolt upright in his saddle—a perpendicular line from his shoulder would have touched his hip, his knee, and his heel—and he stuck as close to the leather as if he had been tied there. Beside him galloped the woman, mounted upon a spirited chestnut mare, which she rode on a side-saddle. Upon her head she wore a huge white sombrero, tied tightly under her chin, and from beneath this her hair had slipped and hung in masses down her back. Her riding habit was a long, flowing skirt of some dark brown material, and her left foot, although concealed by her dress—carried a spur, with which she now and then touched her steed onward. The man looked anxiously up at the sky, and, turning to his companion, said:

"Can't you git a little more outen the mare, Mirandy? We must git across the Montezuma bog afore the rain comes, if we want to git married this year. Least bit o' water there 'll make the mud too soft."

"I don't 'low I kin do anythin' better, Bob," said Mirandy; "still I'll try." She spurred the mustang again and again. To each prick of the steel the animal responded with a few vicious jumps, then settled back again into the lope.

"It's no use, Bob," she said; "I can't git her outen this gait."

"Well, we must take our chance, then," said Bob. "We can't turn back now, for the widder 'll be after us in two hours with a posse."

Before them stretched the low, flat expanse of the marsh, extending to the right and left for several miles. To look at, the surface of the bog appeared to be a hard crust, baked dry and stiff, and covered with a white coating of alkali, through which grew no manner of living plant. So parched had the land become that it was split and seamed with cracks that yawned for moisture. Down through the middle of this desert flowed the sluggish stream that came from the Montezuma spring, a curious natural phenomenon that yielded a water as bitter and heavy as that of the Dead Sea, yet, strange to say, nourished a row of trees, willow and pine with here and there a scaly, narrow-chested cypress that threw along the edges of the creek. These trees were the only green things for miles—the land elsewhere presented a hideous appearance.

Across this bog there was a faint path which could be traversed in the dry season; but once let the crust become wet, and it turned to a slimy mud that yielded to the weight of a man or horse, and gripped so tightly what it seized that self-relief was impossible.

Just before the two riders reached the edge of the bog, the storm, which had been gathering all the morning, suddenly burst upon them. Sharp flashes of lightning leaped from one black cloud to another, and loud, rumbling thunder answered the flashes. Then came the rain. The man hurriedly sprang from his horse, and untying his "slicker," which he had carried tightly bound to his saddle, wrapped the huge yellow oil-cloth coat about the girl, and mounting again, pulled his sombrero down over his face.

"Wal, we got to go on, Mirandy. No use stoppin' here. In half an hour the creek will be up so's we can't cross anyhow. How's your mare? Skittish least bit?"

"Wal, yes, special when there's storm like this here."

"Wal, I reckon I'd better slip a hackamore over her head an' lead her, then; jest give her a loose rein an' she'll go all right."

Thus they advanced across the bog. The rain poured down in sheets, as it does in the tropics. The water soon obliterated the path, and the dry earth greedily drank up the moisture. The ground grew softer and softer every moment. Twice Bob's horse sank to the knees and once the mare narrowly escaped. But at length they reached the stream that flowed through the marsh and gave it its name. It was perhaps fifty feet wide; shallow, sluggish, and evil-looking, with rocky banks that gave refuge to innumerable rattlesnakes and lizards. Pausing a moment on the edge to assure himself that his companion was all right, Bob started to ride into the creek.

"Don't you foller me, Mirandy," he said, "till I pull on th' tug; the bottom's nasty 'long here, especial since this rain set in."

All this time the Don had been concealed in ambush a few yards off, and dripped disconsolately in the rain which was falling. He had reached his present position with great difficulty. The trail across the bog was quite unknown to him, and he had been obliged to dismount and lead his horse. The storm that followed had washed out his tracks, and prevented those who came after from suspecting his presence. He was too far away to hear what Bob said to Mirandy, but he could see her sad face—her eyes seemed big with tears—and her long brown hair, which hung down her back, resting in wet masses on the yellow "slicker," gave her the look of some lovely martyr maiden in the grasp of a vicious giant. He burned to distinguish himself, to rescue helpless virginity from the power of the monster. Not only was here an innocent female being carried off by force, but she was his inamorata—the Dulcinea del Tanos whom he had so long worshipped, silently but faithfully.

He watched Bob ride into the stream; he saw his horse lifted off his feet, and carried down by the flood current; he saw him recover a foot-hold again; then he heard Bob shout to Mirandy: "Go back! go back!" and he realized that the mare was left in the bog—for Bob was cutting him right and left with his heavy riding-whip, while the animal was churning the water into foam in his frantic efforts to escape.

Now was the Don's chance. There was the wicked monster, helpless to harm his Dulcinea, while here was the lady herself free and unfettered. So touching Roziuante with his heel, he dashed out from behind the chapparal, and rode straight at Mirandy. She gave a little scream when she saw him coming; it was not like Mirandy to indulge in such feminine weakness, but just then her nerves were quite upset. The Don understood its reasoning. "Fear not, maiden—fly with me. I will save you," he said, and he laid his hand upon her bridle-rein.

"Hait!" cried a voice.

The Don looked up, and his eye caught sight of a shining object that seemed suspended in the air without support, like the coffin of Mahomet. It appeared to occupy the space to the exclusion of everything else, for the Don could see nothing but the sinister-looking weapon, except the grave sinister eye of Bob, which glistened behind it.

He saw it was a pistol, and although he showed no emotion, he mentally raved at his own rashness. He had stupidly put his head into the lion's mouth; Bob had got the drop on him with a forty-five, at ten yards. A nice predicament truly, for one who wished to appear well before Mirandy.

"What you monkeyin' 'bout here fur?" asked Bob, coarsely, and his gray eyes looked wicked as he snapped out his words. "Put yer hands up—put 'em up, I say!"

The Don reluctantly obeyed. It was a most humiliating position for a knight like himself to be placed in—just as he was about to rescue his own Dulcinea—but what could he do? He was not afraid, he was simply jolted out of circumstances—Bob's persuasive air and six-shooter—when he raised his hands and sat there on Roziuante, dripping from every angle.

Bob studied the situation a moment. "What hed we better do, Mirandy?" he asked. "I've a notion to turn my forty-five loose into him—fur mixin' himself up in fam'ly affairs. How'd he get here, anyway?"

"Better get outen that quag first, Bob," said Mirandy, with great good sense; "you kin shoot him most any time."

"That's 'bout so, I guess. Look here, you," he said to the Don, "what you hangin' here fur, anyhow?"

"I come here to rescue Innercence—from a villain, an' to have—Vengeance," said the Don, with an effort, for his position, with his hands above his head, was a tiresome as well as a ridiculous one.

"Haw! haw!" laughed Bob, hoarsely. "You seem to be doin' it in great shape. None o' that! Put 'em up!" he added, sharply, as the Don lowered his aching arms a little.

"Wal, you are a tenderfoot," said Mirandy, looking at him scornfully. "Fust place, I ain't innercent, an' Bob ain't a villain. We're on our way to Santy Rosy to get married!"

Married! The Don was thunderstruck. He had not expected this. It was not an abduction, but an elopement after all. Here was he blocking the wheels of Love's chariot when he believed he was pushing them out of the Slough of Despond. Mirandy going to marry Bob! Then she could no longer be *his* Dulcinea! What should he do? At first he trembled with indecision and doubt, but in a moment, like the true knight he was, he bowed to the lady's choice, and saluted her gracefully. Mirandy watched his face attentively, and, as he bent forward in obeisance, said:

"I reckon you kin put up your gun, Bob. He's all solid," and Bob returned his pistol to its holster.

Then the Don set manfully to work to smooth the path of true love, which thus far had been rough enough. If he could not be the very best man, he would be the next best, and he hurriedly untied the raw hide lasso that hung in a fresh coil from the saddle-horn, just in front of his right knee. All this time Bob had been seated on his mired horse, in mid-stream, quite powerless to help himself or his animal. The Don rode to the edge of the bank and said:

"I cal'clate to chuck this over ye, Bob, and git ye outen thar. Look out!" Bob nodded his acquiescence.

Very deftly the Don swung the loop about his head, opening it at each turn with a gentle movement of his wrist; then, when it had acquired just the right momentum, he let it slip from his hand. It went weaving and twisting through the air, and settled down over Bob's shoulders. Taking a turn of the free end about his saddle-horn, the Don backed Roziuante away from the stream, and in another second Bob, wet and muddy, stood by Mirandy's side. The Don did nothing by halves, and when he saw Mirandy jump to the ground to greet her lover, he discreetly turned his horse's head and endeavored, though unsuccessfully, not to hear the sounding smack that followed. That little matter over, once more the Don rode his lasso, and once more it shot snakily through the air. This time the open loop dropped over the head of the horse. Now the Don had his hands full; the animal reared, and struggled, and snorted, but the effort of the strong, steady pull was apparent in time, and at last the horse stood upon the bank—muddy, trembling and weak.

About four o'clock that afternoon a party of three rode into Santa Rosa. In spite of their wet and bedraggled appearance it was plain that two of them were in excellent spirits. The third was silent and preoccupied. The rain had long since ceased; the warm sun had dispersed the clouds, and the blue sky was without a spot or speck. The party rode up to the little adobe church—built years ago by an ever-sanguine missionary, but now a long time unoccupied. It stood side-on to the plaza, its ridge ornamented with a bell-tower which sheltered a noiseless bell. To the rail in front of the church were hitched three or four saddled ponies, while loitering in the shade were as many men, dressed in their best, with freshly greased boots and clean-shaven faces, that showed no bite by contrast with their sun-burned necks and foreheads.

"Well, boys! here we be!" cried Bob, cheerfully, as he drew up. "Everythin' all right, Bill?"

"Yes," said Bill Ransom, as he stepped up, and, laying his hand on Mirandy's rein, helped her to dismount. "How d'ye do, ma'am? You're looking well."

Then noticing the Don, he leaned over to Bob and whispered: "Good Gawd! Bob! What's that? Some new kind of fam'ly ghost?"

"He's my hated rival," said Bob, complacently; "an' he's goin' to give the bride away, owin' to the unavoidable absence of her mother." Here he winked at Bill in a very facetious manner.

"Give us all away, you mean," growled Bill. "Looks 's if he'd bin locoed," but no one seemed to hear him.

"Wal, come on now, boys," said Bob, as he gallantly tucked Mirandy's arm through his. "Come along! Less get this life exper'ment over. Is the Hon'able Justice Parker on deck an' sober, Bill?"

"The Hon'able Justice Parker, I regret to say," said Bill, slowly, "*is* on deck—re-markably so—but far from sober. He attempted to clean out the Maverick at exactly two p.m., an' we had to tie him an' put him to bed, where he now is, a ravin' maniac from too much strong drink."

Bob uttered a very profane ejaculation.

"Curse him! I give him five dollars in advance 'cause he promised to keep straight till after the weddin'," he said. "What we goin' to do? Tom Davis an' the widder 'll be here in an hour with a posse, an' I want to git married fore they come. There's sure to be a fight, an' I want to leave Mirandy all right in case I git hit."

The Don stepped forward. "If you're lookin' fur some one to marry ye," he said, "I reckon I kin help ye out—do good for evil—as I'm qualified to that extent, hevin' a license to preach an' marry."

It was a very short ceremony as the Don performed it, and he brought it to a close in a style that some of the guests thought a little abrupt. "Walk in the narrer rud—I pronounce ye both one an' the same."

Indeed, Bill Ransom was much dissatisfied with the whole affair.

"Les's make him do it over again," he said; 'taint more'n half bindin' as 'tis now. I could've done it better'n that myself."

But Bob would not hear of it.

"No, siree!" he said; we're married, an' thet's enough. There's no danger of my wife bein' thus, I'm satisfied, if Mirandy is," and Mirandy said she was, entirely so.

"An' now, gen'lemen," said Bob, a few moments later, standing in front of the Maverick bar, "here's my thanks to all, an' good-bye." He slowly raised his glass, and held it an instant between his eye and the light. "Mirandy and I cal'ulate to ride over to Porty de Luny to-night; it's only twenty-five mile an' we've borrowed a couple o' fresh horses, an' to-morrow we'll go on up to my place in the 'Lupy range. A week from to-day we'll hev a dance, an' you're all to come. By that time the widder 'll be out solid, I reckon. I'm sorter glad she did not meet her to-day; she's so devilish sensitive she'd shot some one, sure."

As Bob and Mirandy rode away, they were sped on their journey by a salute from a dozen revolvers. Bill Ransom, who felt that he occupied the position of best man, was determined that the bride should come out strong in the complete success, and he hurriedly pulled off his huge riding-boot and threw it after them, spur and all. "Git hev a slipper," he said.

"I fired my boot—fur luck—though it's God's mercy it didn't hit 'em."

A year from that day saw very few changes in San Miguel County. The widder and Tom had long since forgiven Bob and Mirandy, who were living quietly at Bob's ranch on the Porty de Luny creek. With what Mirandy had brought him, added to his own, Bob found himself owner of three hundred and fifty cows, which made him quite a man of property. But then there was every reason why he should be, since he was a man of family also. "Yes, sir; it's a boy, just as certain as the world," he had announced at Santa Rosa; "but he's redder an' softer'n what I s'posed babies gen'rally was. I'm sorter 'frald to touch him, fear he'll break in two, but he's a healthy breather."

This addition to his responsibilities made Bob more sedate and steady-going than before. He worked hard, early and late, and spent his play-time was at night, when he took his seat by the fire and watched Mirandy and the baby.

"Lord! it's the queerest thing, to set here an' see you fixin' thet there kid, Mirandy, just as if you'd never done nothin' else all yer life. Where ever you learn it, I can't think; and Mirandy would look up at Bob and smile, but not in her old coquettish way. Another expression, more thoughtful and tender, had taken its place now. She was still the same buxom, stalwart Mirandy she had ever been, but now she had a new object in life; she felt that new responsibilities required new manners. It was quite a picture to see those three—Mirandy seated in a low rocking-chair before the huge, open old fire place, filled with a roaring wood fire, with her baby on her lap, and Bob by her side, watching her with a smile of gratified pride, as she fussed and cooed over the boy. "I'll be all," he used to say, "which likes it the best—you or him—or me."

Sometimes the Don would ride over from the Barzee, where he was still attached as cook, and spend the evening. His regard for Mirandy was as deep as ever, but since her marriage it had taken a different form, being now more of a paternal nature, for he had come to look upon her almost as a daughter.

The Don—he was still known by that name—had appropriated the empty little chapel at Santa Rosa, wherein Bob and Mirandy had been married, and every Sunday morning during the winter he had ridden over from the Barzee Ranch and preached there. His success in that direction had been no better than his attempts at cooking, but he was so fast close, and persevered faithfully. "San Migeil is pretty stony ground, but it ain't all rock," he would say, hopefully.

The new spring opened promisingly. The price of cattle was unusually high; a very severe winter had raged over the northern ranges in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, and the losses among the cattle there had been enormous, in some instances entire herds having died from cold and starvation. The stockmen of San Miguel County were jubilant, for their own losses had been very few, the Barzee estimate being less than one per cent, and they felt that, if it was that three-year-old steers were bringing thirty dollars and likely to bring thirty five dollars, made every one happy and prospectively rich.

With the return of spring, as in former years, men started out over the range on preliminary surveys, in preparation for the round-up. Thus it happened that Bob left Mirandy and the baby at his ranch one morning and rode away. He had kept no assistants all winter; he did his own work, knowing it was his duty to economize for his family's sake, and so Mirandy was left alone, but they were neither troubled about this. Mirandy was quite able to take care of herself.

The next afternoon, about five o'clock, a horseman rode at a hard gallop over the prairie towards Bob's ranch, and checked his horse in front of the door. Mirandy stepped out to see who it was, but not until she had shaded her eyes with her hand did she recognize the Don.

"Wal, I declar!" she said, "ef he hasn't! Won't ye 'light?" but the Don declined the invitation, rather abruptly.

"Mirandy," he said, "I hearn down on th' Pecos that there was a band of Injuns out from th' Reservation, loose, an'—"

"Injuns!" cried Mirandy, incredulously; "why, there ain't no Injuns within two hundred miles of this yere!"

"If you'd seen the things I've seen," said the Don slowly, "you'd say there was Injuns within ten mile of this yere—broke out of th' Mescalero Reservation—they shot at Rube Friday, an' they're running off stock an' killin' any one they kin ketch. You must git your baby an' come with me to the Barzee till this thing's settled."

Mirandy demurred at first—"she wasn't afraid of no Injuns," she said—but the recollection of her baby decided her, and in a few minutes they were riding rapidly toward the Barzee, twelve miles away. Very tenderly the Don carried the child, wrapped in a heavy blanket, while Mirandy rode at his side, her eyes constantly on the bundle. As they reached the top of a mesa, two miles from their destination, they paused a moment to breathe their horses. Suddenly the Don noticed a commotion in a bunch of cattle behind him; they were running in evident alarm; then he heard a rifle-shot and then another. His keen little eyes instantly detected the cause of the disturbance.

"There they be! Ride! Mirandy, ride!" and away they dashed down the hill. Spur, spur, and spare not! Ride, ride—for your lives, ride! They had a good half mile the start, and if they could only maintain it they were safe. Mirandy's horse was fresher and speedier than the Don's, and she had constantly to slow up for him, but he rode steadily along, giving his entire attention to the child. And yet they had to ride carefully, too, for if a horse should step into a prairie-dog's hole, or even stumble, it would be fatal. On they went through the dust—their pursuers very slowly gaining on them and keeping up a continued firing. It seemed as if they must be hit, but they rode on and on, never swerving nor hitting a moment. Once a rifle-ball furrowed the rim of Mirandy's sombrero; once the Don's right stirrup was splintered; but still they kept on, on, on, with the yelling fiends behind them.

At last they neared the ranch (the dusk was slowly turning into night), and once there they were safe, for it was garrisoned by a dozen men—good shots, well armed, and daring, every one. As they dashed along the trail, they came to a place where it forked; the right-hand one crossed a bluff and down into the valley where the house stood, but there was a shorter path, leading straight over that some of the guests thought a little abrupt. "Walk in the narrer rud—I pronounce ye both one an' the same."

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"I fired my boot—fur luck—though it's God's mercy it didn't hit 'em."

THE END.

The Parrot that Taught Nancy Lee to a Whole Forest.

A well-known New Yorker, whose pen and pencil have alike brought him money and reputation, has had an adventure which discounts by about ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine the average conventional parrot story. He

was fond of knocking about in out-of-the way quarters of the world, and left ship on the Central American coast with a party of comrades to make a cruise among the islands. During a cruise of several months the entire ship's company—and a merry crew they were—had devoted their odd hours to singing to a parrot. The sailors also had lost no opportunities and taught the bird all the sea-faring lingo, and few more or less expletives besides. When the artist and his exploring comrades had bidden the bird and the sailors good-bye they plunged into the heart of the tropical forest. After twenty-eight miles of mortal effort they reached their camping-place for the night. Just as the sun was going down they were startled to hear in the primeval silence, a familiar voice calling down from the top of a tall palm:

"Avast there, yo, heave, ho!"

It was the ship's parrot. But before they could recover their startled senses the faithful bird, having flown ahead to prepare this unexpected treat for its chums of the voyage, fluttered down from the top of a dead stump near by, and, with a shrill call summoned thousands of the little green parroquets of the country. It is said even the thousand of them were counted, as they circled around the great gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places on the ground in rank upon rank and row after row. The explorers looked on in dumb amazement. When the feathered assemblage became quiet, the ship's parrot burst into the familiar words of Nancy Lee, and to the inextinguishable laughter of the travelers, the consternation of the rest of the tropical world and the delight of the festive precentor, the whole eleven thousand parroquets, with one mighty burst of song, broke into Nancy Lee.

Hand Painted.

"I declare Mrs. Squilldig is as pretty as a picture," remarked Mr. M'Swilligen.

"No wonder," replied his wife, "she is hand-painted."

Precept and Practice.

A man who was demonstrating to a crowd that there was no such thing as hydrophobia, was the first to climb up a barber's pole when a small yellow dog came rushing down the street.

Why Not?

A gentleman's linen cuff, directed to the owner and stamped with a penny stamp, recently went through the post-office. It bore this message: "Please call and pay your washing bill. Your Laundress."

Would Get Over It.

"Tommy," said his penurious uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a nickel?"

"I think," replied Tommy, "that I would feel a little faint at first."

A Wider Acquaintance.

Dumley (who has given Featherly a cigar from his private box)—I've smoked worse cigars than this, Featherly.

Featherly—Ye-es, Dumley, I s'pose you have; but you must remember that you are an older man than I am.

An Important Feature.

"George," said the happy bride, "papa has placed a check among the wedding presents."

"Is that so?" whispered George, anxiously. "Did you notice if it's certified?"

Another Legend Busted.

We are told in a poem that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This is, no doubt, a pretty sentiment; but the author ought to know that about eight women out of ten rock the cradle with their feet.

Why He Didn't Want It.

Darringer, have you a half dollar that you don't want?"

"Why certainly. Here it is."

The next day:

"Say, Darringer, that half dollar you gave me was a counterfeit."

"Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a half dollar that I didn't want."

Many Miles Away.

"I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr. Sampson," she said, in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia; "I never tire of it."

"Ah," he responded, "would that I were the man in it!"

"Yes, so do I," she assented, softly.

"And why, Miss Clara?" he asked, getting ready to take her hand.

"Because, Mr. Sampson," she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, "you would be 300,000 miles away!"

You may wish to marry a wife without a failing, but what if the lady, after you find her happens to be in want of a husband of the same character.—*G. D. Prentice.*

Merchant Tailoring!

Gentlemen requiring clothing to make them look cool this very hot weather, would do well to call and see

GIBSON & BALL'S

late importations of fashionable tweeds and serges. They make good fitting garments, and you will find the prices correct. Pants cut to make crooked legs look straight a specialty.

GIBSON & BALL

207 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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HALF PRICE

Being the stock of a wholesale house giving up business. Violins worth $30 at $15. Concertinas, Accordions, Guitars, Strings, Zithers, Bows, &c. All at ½ price.

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197 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

(Office of Claxton's Orchestra.)

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GAS STOVES

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TORONTO GAS STOVE

AND SUPPLY CO.

136 KING STREET WEST

And See Full Line of

LATEST IMPROVED GAS STOVES

Suitable for all Purposes.

Dominion Stained Glass Co.

Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including

Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate

Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.

Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1476.

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NEW GOODS

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$3.50 PANTS

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TEMPLE OF FASHION,

455 Queen Street West

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

Wanted---A Wife.

Mr. Morgan was in despair. Here he was 28 years of age, and still a bachelor; still, in that hopeless "slough of despond," misnamed "single blessedness," with no sign of any pretty damsel near, to extend a helping hand, and lift him up to happiness.

Now, reader, my private opinion is that the young ladies who were indifferent to the attractions of my hero had very bad taste, for he was tall and handsome, with magnificent black hair and eyes, and a perfect love of a moustache, soft and silky; that of itself ought to have been enough to capture the heart of any reasonable damsel; but in spite of his agreeable manners, knowledge of dancing and all other fashionable follies that enchant the present generation, the fair sex seemed all to "pass by on the other side," and although they chatted with him, and were quite ready to be treated by him to ice cream, or whatever other dainty might be the order of the evening, they never gave him the slightest encouragement to propound the momentous question so vital to his happiness; and now, as we have said, he was at the age of 28 reduced to despair.

"It is too bad!" he groaned one morning, as he sat in his cozy parlor at his boarding-house, solacing himself with a cigar and a newspaper. "I verily believe all the young ladies of my acquaintance are either married or engaged to be or else are strong-minded, and resolved to live and die old maids, for there don't seem to be the ghost of a chance for poor me! What in the world am I going to do? I can't remain a bachelor all the time, that's plain; and yet, for the life of me, I can't see how I'm going to help myself."

He took up the paper which lay in his lap, and placed carelessly over its surface. For some time he read listlessly, but at last he gave a start, and then proceeded to read over again the lines that had caught his eye. They ran thus:

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD FAMILY, etc., the acquaintance of a young lady, with a view to matrimony, etc.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed, tossing the paper on the floor and springing to his feet. "I've a mind to go to that gentleman's address, and thank him personally for the valuable hint he has given me! I'll write one at once, and perhaps some one will take pity on me!"

He procured pen, ink and paper, and seating himself before his desk, after some little cogitation, prepared the following:

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, YET IN THE depths of single—not blessedness—but despair—the acquaintance of some young lady of sprightly disposition, with a view to matrimony. Wealth is no objection. If some fair one will take pity on a forlorn bachelor and answer this, he will be eternally grateful. Address R. M., 29 — street.

"There! that will do I guess!" he soliloquized, as he read it over. "If the fair sex actually possess such a thing as a heart beneath their trim little jackets, they certainly can't withstand that appeal. I'll take it right off, and then I'll endeavor to possess my soul in patience till an answer arrives."

His errand was quickly accomplished, and he wended his way home with anxious, but hopeful heart. The next morning the first thing that met his eye as he glanced over the paper, after breakfast, was his own advertisement, begun with large capitals.

"Really, it looks quite nice!" he remarked, complacently, as he inclined his head on one side and surveyed it critically. "I declare, if I was a young and susceptible damsel, I should answer it at once. However—hello! there's a ring, as sure as I live. He had started out of his chair at first, but he settled himself back again, and endeavored to await the issue of events with becoming patience and fortitude.

After the lapse of about three minutes, which seemed as many hours to our hero, a knock came to his door, and the next moment the ruddy, good-natured face of Bridget, the servant, looked in upon him, as she announced:

"A lady, sure, to see you, sir."

"Well, I'll be down presently," and after a nervous scrutiny of himself in the glass, Mr. Morgan proceeded down stairs, feeling a certain kind of fluttering in the region of the heart.

He entered the parlor and bowed as the door, the raising his eyes, for the first time observed a female figure seated upon the sofa, her hands folded primly in her lap and her face hidden in a thick, brown veil.

"Good day, sir," remarked that individual, rising from her seat, and returning his polite salutation by a short bob, after which she sank gracefully back again. "I saw your advertisement in the paper this morning, and I thought I'd answer it at once, as I'm always punctual in keeping engagements; I hold it to be one of the chief virtues."

"Very true, madam, very true, assented our hero, reposing his graceful length upon the soft cushions of an arm-chair, and surveying his visitor with some little trepidation and curiosity.

"I read your advertisement, as I said before," pursued the fair one, after a somewhat awkward silence, "and as you seem a pretty sensible sort of looking young man, I think I'll suit you about as well as anyone else; so I guess we may as well strike the bargain now!"

"Well—yes—that is!" stammered our hero in some embarrassment; "but hadn't you better throw back your veil, madam? The air is rather close; and would you be kind enough to favor me with your name?"

"My name's Tabitha Simpkins. I s'pose you've no objections to that," remarked Miss S., complacently.

"No-o!" responded our hero, somewhat doubtfully; and as Miss Tabby slowly raised her veil, he gazed anxiously upon her.

But, oh! shades of Venus! Nothing could be further from his long-cherished ideal than the countenance displayed to his view. The maiden had advanced some distance down the shady side of thirty, and rejoiced in a sallow complexion, a few surviving teeth and a small knot of wiry hair, surmounted by an immense chignon, which furnished a delightful contrast, being two or three shades lighter than her own fair locks.

"Don't you think I'll do!" demanded Miss S., as Mr. Morgan gazed at her in a bewildered manner; "you'd better decide quick, for there's more waiting!" she added, with what she considered a grand stroke of policy.

"Well, now—that is—really!" commenced our hero, who began to think that he had most decidedly put his foot into it, and looking around in vain for some loop-hole of escape; "you see, the fact is," he continued, brightening up, as an idea occurred to him, "I didn't expect so punctual an answer to my advertisement, and so I'm hardly prepared; but if I could have a little time to consider, and—"

"Well, yes, perhaps you do," finished our fair Miss Tabby, gazing compassionately upon him; "it is quite a step to take, I know, especially when the lady in question is young and handsome"—here our hero groaned inwardly—"so I won't make you precipitate. I'll give you all day to think about it, and I'll call again to-morrow. Will that do?"

"Yes—yes—I guess so!" stammered Mr. Morgan, and opening the door he bowed his fair visitor out, and then returning to the parlor, pitched helplessly into a chair to think how he could get out of the awful predicament in which he found himself placed.

"I didn't mention that kind of an article in my advertisement, I'm sure," he groaned, despairingly; "what a simpleton I was to give them my address! I ought to have hired a box in the post-office, and then I would have been safe from all this. But, gracious goodness, there's the bell again! I'll have it taken off to-morrow, or else fly to the country for refuge. I declare I will. What a fool I was to advertise at all!"

It would occupy too much time to detail all the visits inflicted upon our hero that day, but the case we have just cited will serve as an instance. Two elderly maiden sisters called, both of whom were determined to have him, and between them they managed to set him nearly crazy; besides one or two good-looking Irish girls, who having waited for the "coming man" until their patience was exhausted, thought this was too good a chance to be slighted; and a few sentimental misses, who with a good deal of simpering and much confusion, pathetically declared that he was the Augustus they had so long sought, but had failed to find, concluding with a touching picture of the state of their hearts toward him, and working so upon our hero's sympathies, that in spite of feeling that they "wouldn't suit," he was almost on the point of promising to marry them all and start for Utah the next morning.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Morgan, wishing to escape more callers, and well-nigh discouraged at the result of his advertisement, lit a cigar and sauntered out.

He had been walking for some distance in this manner, with his eye on the ground, when, happening to glance up, he observed a pretty figure tripping before him, with a paper in her hand. A suit of light blue, tastefully trimmed, became her exceedingly; and a jaunty little hat rested on her head, from which a blue veil fluttered backward over curls.

Our hero, who took in all these points at a glance, was, of course, fascinated at once.

"Oh dear!" he groaned, dolorously; "why can't some little beauty like this answer my advertisement, and then make me the happiest of men! Compare her with Miss Tabby!"

Just at this moment a slight exclamation of surprise escaped the damsel, and presently Mr. Morgan heard her read, in a low tone, his advertisement.

Noiselessly he kept on behind her, and waited in breathless silence for her comments.

"Oh, my!" she chirped, after, she had read it through the second time. "Poor fellow! I pity him. I guess he must be real nice and funny, by the way he writes. I've half a mind to answer it. I'll consider awhile though."

Just at this moment a slight exclamation of surprise escaped the damsel, and presently Mr. Morgan heard her read, in a low tone, his advertisement.

Noiselessly he kept on behind her, and waited in breathless silence for her comments.

"Oh, my!" she chirped, after, she had read it through the second time. "Poor fellow! I pity him. I guess he must be real nice and funny, by the way he writes. I've half a mind to answer it. I'll consider awhile though."

"Oh, you angel!" mentally exclaimed our hero, and he still kept on after her, until she fluttered up the steps of a handsome house and disappeared from his view; then, with a sigh, he wended his way home, where he found an invitation to a ball that evening awaiting him.

At first, feeling tired, he was about to send an apology and remain at home, when suddenly the thought occurred to him that he might meet the fair unknown there. This idea caused him to hurry through the intricacies of his toilet with the most laudable dispatch, and at the appointed hour he found himself at the mansion where the ball was to be held.

He ran his eye around the room, and failing to meet the object of his search, was standing rather disconsolately in a corner, when suddenly he heard a voice behind him saying:

"Floy, my love, let me introduce you to Mr. Morgan, an excellent dancer," and as he turned to receive them, his delighted eyes fell upon the damsel he had followed home.

He bowed low over the little white hand extended to him with such charming frankness, and the next moment he was whirling around with her in a delicious waltz.

How our hero got home that evening he never clearly knew; one dimpled, enchanting vision filled his eyes and thoughts, and as Miss Floy Granger closed her pretty eyes in sleep she murmured:

"How splendid he is! I wish he was the one who had written that advertisement! I'd answer it to-morrow if he was!"

The next morning as Mr. Morgan sat in his parlor, dreaming of Floy, a ring at the door announced the arrival of Miss Tabitha, and very unwilling, he went down strairs.

"Well, are you ready?" inquired Miss T., extending her hand.

"Well—yes—I think!" coughed out our hero, nervously, feeling obliged to manufacture a white lie for the occasion, "I have concluded, since yesterday not to try matrimony for a while yet."

"Oh, now you're in earnest! You're only trying my affections a bear!" said Miss T., sweetly; "but I can bear a little playfulness, dear! Lovers always do, you know;" and putting on her most enchanting smile, she endeavored to draw near him.

"Miss Simpkins!" gasped our hero, springing nimbly to his feet and stretching out his hands. "I feel honored by your affections, but I—I—can't reciprocate. In short, I've seen one that just suits me, and I—I'll have to be excused!"

"You have, hey!" shrieked Miss Tabby, rising to her feet, while her temper rose also; "and you wrote that deceitful advertisement just to fool me, did you? making me refuse ever so many good offers, because you represented as how you was a-dying for some one to marry you! and then, too, you said you'd have me yesterday! I'll have you sued for breach of promise, young man! I'll teach you to trifle with a maiden's heart!"

"My dear madam!" began our hero; but without waiting for another word, the indignant Miss T. bounced out of the house.

"Thank fortune, she's gone!" ejaculated Mr. Morgan. "I'll take the advertisement out, and then I'll cultivate Miss Floy's acquaintance and beg her to take pity on me!"

Fortune at last smiled upon him; and about three weeks from that time his acquaintance with Miss Floy had increased so rapidly that one evening, after dancing with her, he led her into a small conservatory, and, taking both her hands, said:

"Miss Floy, do you remember that advertisement you read in the paper a few weeks ago?"

"Yes!" replied Floy; then glancing coyly at him, she continued, "you don't mean to say——"

"Yes, darling, I wrote it!" replied Mr. Morgan, insinuating his arm about her waist, "will you answer it and make me forever happy?"

I didn't catch Miss Floy's answer, but in a few moments I observed that small change known to lovers circulating between them, so thinking that this was a case where two were company and three a crowd, I considerately withdrew.

Witty and Pathetic.

Much courage in the world is of an undramatic, quiet kind. The majority of men, however weak and commonplace, meet disaster and death with decorum and dignity. In a railway accident there is usually little outcry, and physicians testify that not one patient in a thousand shows terror while dying. But the number of men who, in the face of death and eternity can so control their faculties as to make a telling, witty remark have been extremely rare.

Every schoolboy remembers Sir Thomas More's joke upon the scaffold, when he begged the executioner not to cut off his beard, "as it had committed no treason," and the apology of Charles the Second for being "so unconscionable a time in dying."

A niece of Franklin, who had been noted for her wit and courtesy, died a few years ago in Philadelphia, at the age of ninety-eight. In the very moment of her death, a friend felt her body, which was cold to the heart.

"Ah," murmured the witty old lady, "I was dying so beautifully, and you brought me back! But never mind, my dear, I shall try it again."

A finer instance was that of a Spaniard, a friend of Cardenas, who, though blind of an eye, was a skilful tennis player. One day a ball struck him on the remaining eye with such force as to crush it. Knowing that he was blinded for life, he turned to his companions.

"*Buenes noches, senores,*" ("good-night, gentlemen,") he said, with a bow, and left the field.

A Military Joke.

One of the sentries on duty one night was a German, and he inquired of one of the men who crossed his beat, "What time you dot grant roundts come?" He was answered that the officer of the day would make the grand rounds about midnight. It so happened that he didn't make the tour until about 1:30. When he reached this particular sentry's post he was halted as follows:

"Who vas dot comes off me?"

"Grand rounds," was the reply.

"Grand roundts, eh!" said the sentry. "Vell, grand roundts, you vas hour und a hallof late. You catch——"

No Place Like Home.

He alighted from the street car with his friend, a merchant from New York, and ran cheerily up the front steps of his house, kissing the two little ones sitting there, with unusual warmth.

"Tell mamma I've got company for dinner," he said in an offhand way.

"Mamma 'th gone thopping," lisped the elder child.

"Oh," slightly disconcerted; "then you can tell Aunt Delia."

"Aunt Delia 'th gone to ride."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed nervously, "a regular stampede. But come in, and I'll introduce you to my wife's mother and she'll get us up something nice."

"Gwan ma 'th gone to the matinee," piped the youngster.

He did not inquire for the rest of the family—if there were any left—but took his friend to the club, and drowned his sorrow in libations not loud but deep.

The Resemblance to Birds and Animals.

One of the curious experiences of daily life is to note the sweet resemblance in human faces to certain animals and birds. We believe this fact has been dwelt upon before, but not so interestingly as it deserves to be seen. It will be observed we throw a charm of our own around any subject which we touch.

We know a dear little blonde who always suggests a white rabbit with pink eyes and ears, and we almost expect her to give a startled leap sometimes, so strong is the resemblance. There is another dear old lady who is very like a turkey and goes about in much the same way; and there is a man who always make us think of a camel rolling from side to side like a veritable ship of the desert.

There are beaks which suggest the hawk. It is an awful thing to fall into the habit of tracing these funny resemblances in faces, for it is impossible to get out of it, and it grows upon one. The fish-hawk face sometimes seen, and its owner always seems as if he might swoop down any moment for a fish. We know whole regiment of rats, with precisely the expression they have when they come out of a hole to nose the atmosphere, and there is a cat-faced woman who does not even lack the whiskers. It is impossible to look in her face and not expect her to break out into me-ow.

A treacherous cat-face, with eyes that shine out of the dark with a green and gold glitter is not unknown. There is a grand musician who has the head and face of a lion, and after the resemblance is once seen it can never be forgotten. These are curious freaks of nature that can hardly be explained.

Beneath His Dignity.

Mr. Job Lott—Why isn't the store opened? What are you waiting for?
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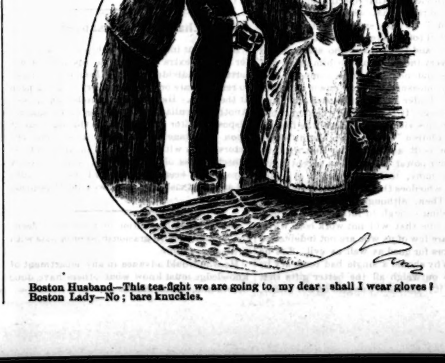

Boston Husband—This tea-fight we are going to, my dear; shall I wear gloves?
Boston Lady—No; bare knuckles.

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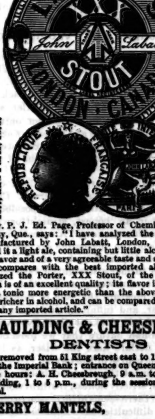

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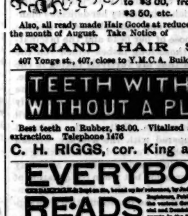

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Growing Old Gracefully.

Age has a beauty all its own, and he or she who successfully cultivates this beauty knoweth bliss. When the early bloom of childhood, the budding graces of dawning womanhood, and the blossomed hour of maturity have passed away into the winter of old age, we are too often apt to think that with them all beauty has departed. Not necessarily so. We are as we make ourselves. Each season has its special beauties. With the dawn of spring the heart is made glad with the thought of the coming reign of the sun-god. Summer with its wealth of foliage, its refreshing showers, is a season of enjoyment. The tinge of sadness which pervades the autumn hours is amply redeemed by the glorious tint with which decaying nature gilds the surrounding landscape, and winter itself has a genial, kindly aspect, if viewed from the right standpoint. And so it is with us. The old age of a well-spent life wears a comely brow. For such the health and happiness of exultant youth excite no feeling of envy. The toil and ambition of lusty manhood has no pang of regret for them. Sadness has been their lot oftentimes in the past, but sadness has been ameliorated by judicious enjoyment. With the decay of physical power there is an increase in the joyful anticipation of the life beyond the grave, and when the feet of the Reaper have entered the tabernacle of life, the impress of beauty is still left on the deserted clay of poor humanity.

The Diplomacy of Womanhood.

If man be prone to falsehood, as the Psalmist says, it must be confessed that womankind naturally gravitates towards diplomacy. In such an assertion there may seem a lack of chivalrous feeling towards the gentler sex, but still the fact remains that not only is woman naturally secretive and given to *finesse*, but her tendencies in this direction are fostered and enlarged by the social conditions of the day.

In fact woman is a charming bundle of contradictions. She is an enigma to herself. Curious as it may seem it is almost an impossibility to get from her an honest, straightforward reply to an ordinary query. A question addressed to one of the masculine sex finds the latter capable of pursuing but one of two courses—either to offer a straightforward reply, or a refusal to answer your question. But woman, sweet creature that she is, refuses to be such a bear, and infinitely prefers to be slightly untruthful. And such is the weakness of our poor human nature that we most of us incontinently declare hers the wiser, as it is the more politic course of the twain.

The civilization of the times is almost a fatal bar to a candid, strictly honest, truthful womanhood, although there seems little reason to doubt that the same difficulties have militated against her since the days of the flood.

Admitting that a comely appearance is the chief stock-in-trade of women in the battle of life, is it then to be expected that she is going to depreciate her own wares? Not if she knows it. Thus it is that the instinct of self-defense makes her an adept in the use of *cosmetiques* and other triumphs of the art preservative. Who but a woman could have hit on the *ruse* which prompted one of the sex to insist on her dentist putting a slight filling of gold between the front incisors of her new set of ivory-ware, so as to give the impression of their being the original articles?

Her age, also, it must be confessed is an innocent source of miracles, for we have known women whom it has taken almost a couple of decades to pass from the age of twenty-four to the quarter century. Man is vain enough in all conscience, his coxcombery, however, is the clumsiest kind of surface work, but vanity in the weaker vessel is a fine art. She is a past-mistress in it. Whilst he—stupid creature that he is—shows in every movement his consciousness of the possession of good looks she trips daintily along, her eyes cast down with that seeming diffidence, which is in reality her delicious manner of giving you one more chance to observe the graceful pose of her head and the fascinating sweep of those long lashes which veil the beautiful eyes that are furtively taking in the admiration she knows so well is her proper due. Whilst man, taken unawares, is gasping in the throes of clumsy falsehood, she has smilingly mastered the situation, and serenely awaits all further developments. Talleyrand a diplomat indeed! Compared with the average woman the whilom Abbe de Perigord was a suckling infant, and a babe in swaddling clothes. Man may be the lord of creation but when the question of diplomacy comes before the house his charming consort carries the question with a sweeping majority.

Hero Worship.

The germ of hero-worship lies deeply hidden in every human heart, although it develops more fully in some natures than others. It receives its richest nurture from the disposition which is feminine in its tendency, for in its highest fruition, which takes the form of adoration for the Supreme Being, it blossoms more fully in the feminine nature, which is more spiritual than that of the masculine order. If any added proof of this were necessary, we have only to glance at the audience in any of our sacred edifices, two-thirds of which, it is safe to assume, are composed of the more emotional sex.

But it is the ordinary, mortal aspect of hero worship we desire to speak of here. From earliest youth we have all singled out from the ordinary ruck of humanity some being who has seemed to us the embodiment of certain virtues, or at any rate who wore the semblance of such, around whom we have wreathed a halo of admiration, before which all things else stood utterly abased. One curious feature of all this is that the being thus selected is in most cases the direct antithesis of ourselves. Envy has no place here, for envy implies a sense of equality, whereas the feeling of emulation is hopelessly removed from the realm of hero-worship.

The gentle lad at school, with girlish features, wrestling with elementary principles in the first form, pins his faith and lavishes his admiration on the stout heart and athletic proportions of the young giant in the sixth form, who, he notes with secret exultation, is well nigh as tall and quite as broad shouldered as the head master himself. The learning of the latter counts for nothing with the delicate, pale-faced youngster who is of a studious turn himself. Nearer to his heart is the admiration he has for the thews and prowess of the cock of the school, the brawny hero of a dozen encounters in "the milling close," and elsewhere, which he, poor weakling, never dreams of emulating. And young Hercules, what of him? Is he, in turn, lost in admiration of some other athlete in the school? We trow not. All the admiration he has to spare goes out unstintedly to the clever undersized lad who caps his verses with that consummate ease which is a mystery indeed to the hero of the playing fields.

Deeds of *derring-do*, on the field of carnage, and the returned participants therein, arrest the fascinated attention of woman—gentle woman, who faints at the sight of blood, and gathers up her skirts in horror at the approach of an inoffensive mouse. The ague-stricken knees of the failure at public speaking fall down in admiration before the man of steadier nerves, who has learned to think and to give expression to his thoughts when standing before an audience.

As a general rule it goes without saying, that the object of our worship is oftentimes unworthy of such admiration on our part, but we like not to be undeceived, for hero-worship is a sort of delicious enjoyment, and we are anything but grateful to the hand which rudely snatches the scales from our eyes. Just as the skilled *raconteur* throws off his witty stories, not so much for the pleasure it affords to others, as for his own personal satisfaction—so the indulger in hero-worship but administers to that instinct of self-gratification which is inherent in almost every human heart.

Upon the Lute.

For Saturday Night.

I take my wreck-wood lute at night,
Deep silence round me reigning;
And in its cords of music light,
I hear the sea complaining.
I hear beyond the surge's swell
Far-distant voices calling,
They echo like a midnight knell,
Along the waters falling.

I hear the gales and stormy waves
With ships all shoreward sweeping;
To darkness and to nameless graves,
In vain their night watch keeping.
They sigh upon the lonely isle,
Of sand and wreck and billow
And cruel hands with passion's vile;
Its shores become their pillow.

I hear in low and sad refrain
The last hymns of the dying;
And anguished throbs of parting pain,
Are in these tones replying.
My fingers sweep across the strings,
From wreck and sleep awaking;
The sobs and sighs on muffled wings,
All life and hope forsaking.

Oh! scarcely can my soul endure,
The sad scenes brought before me,
When sounds of night and sea and shore,
From this sweet lute steal o'er me.
Oh thou who watchest o'er the deep,
The wild, dark tempest stilling;
Oh, calm the midnight storms to sleep,
Our longing sp'rits filling.

DE BRIMAY.

She Saved Her Head.

An insane artist once entered his sister's room having a large knife in his hand. "Kate," he said, "I am painting the Princess de Lamballe in the Revolution, and I want your head for a model." "To be sure, John," she replied; "you shall cut it off at once, but I'm afraid you might spoil this collar that I'm so fond of. I'll just go and change it and come back to you." "Don't be long," he said; "I'll wait here for you." So much for presence of mind.

Selfish Sensitiveness.

All jealousy, suspicion, and selfish sensitiveness are fatal to friendship. The man who is looking for slights will surely find or fancy them, and by his want of trust will drive the heart of his friend from him. It is, indeed, a confession of selfish weakness when one laments that he is not loved or prized as he desires to be. Let him dismiss such unworthy reflections, and inquire instead whether he is himself that loving, devoted, and generous friend he wishes another to be to him.

Try it Yourself.

A Frenchman boasting that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write from dictation: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule-log from a yew-tree a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

Easily Cured.

A child in a certain family was left-handed and a second appeared, at the age of one year, also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry her child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it and soon became right-handed.

The Ever-Possible.

For Saturday Night.

In youth when the heart is, if ever, aglow with enthusiasm and lofty idealisms, while the future in the rosy glow of hope seems lovely as a poet's dream, we feel so strong that nothing appears impossible. But not thus is it with those who have reached old age. They glance backward and see the grave of many a buried hope, the withered leaves of many an aspiration that blossomed but to fade, the remains of many a still-born intention destined, had it lived, to benefit mankind. But to such for the loss of that youthful self-confidence there may be the great gain of knowing that certain things are always possible. And I for one firmly believe that, were those who have thus learned the wisdom of life to tell it out in earnest, loving truthfulness, many would be saved from moral suicide who are hurried thereto by the ordinary attempts to restrain, repress and coerce.

It is equally unwise to wet-blanket the enthusiasm of youth by the mere assertion that there are dangers and moral quicksands upon every hand or to allow them to enter upon life's conflict without such knowledge. But if, while pointing out these and uttering our warning, we would impress indelibly upon their minds these grand certainties of life we would furnish them with the true philosopher's stone—long and eagerly sought for by our fathers—that would turn everything to gold.

It is always possible to do right, however many the cross-roads to perplex and bewilder. Over and over again we hear the question asked, sometimes in bitterness, sometimes in pathetic weakness, "How can I help it?" or the pitiful wail of despair, "I cannot help it," respecting the evil indulgence of some evil habit. "Yes, you can help." The way may be hedged in, temptations may rise around you like a flood, but there is always a way of escape. Often there is but one. Often, too, there must be a seeming sacrifice to pass through it. "All," in fact, may be "lost, save honor." But it is worth remembrance at such times that the sacrifice is transient, while the gain is eternal. Our youth must realize that character, and character alone, is of paramount importance; that nothing can be a gain to them which is attended with a loss of character, and nothing a loss which strengthens, ennobles and purifies it. Real progress can only be attained by acceptance of the good, and eschewing the evil. Young man, young woman keep your 'scutcheon clean and bright in the battle of life—

"And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

Whatever the past may have been this is always a present and a future possibility.

It is always possible to use everything as a stepping-stone upward. What multitudes of those who, after once yielding to temptation thereafter journey downward, might be saved were this realized. For there can be no doubt that remorse and loss of status in the first instance, ere the will has had time to become seriously weakened, are the most powerful degenerating influences. Therefore would I engrave upon the hearts of the young this, the grandest of all life's possibilities. Mark, I do not say it is possible to undo the evil we have done. That is rarely so, and never, if consequences be taken into consideration. Just as in nature, the mistake of even a serpent meets with its inevitable punishment, so in the physical and moral universe "any want of conformity unto or transgression of the Law of God," written upon His works or in His Word, incurs its just penalty. But so far as character is concerned the result in every case may be good and not evil. For there appears to exist in all that dual possibility referred to by Paul respecting the preaching of the Word, viz: "A savor of life unto life . . . or of death unto death." So that it signifies little what comes to a man but much how he receives it and what use he makes of it. Therefore it is certain that, if a man so will, everything—success, failure, mistakes and sins of himself or of others which affect him—all may become stepping-stones upward. Not until on the you side of that "low, green tent, whose curtain never outward swings," need any son of Adam, any daughter of Eve despair. Yes, brother, sister, who, from the far depths of vice and misery, are casting a wistful eye up to your former place among the elder brothers of society, you may attain the ideal of your youth, for, from the lowest point of degradation, there is a path upward to perfect manhood and perfect womanhood, and this is always possible.

Then as to inherited weaknesses, whether mental, moral, or physical, about which so much has been written of late, and which are made to serve as an apology for the indulgence of so many evil habits. Indeed, so much has been said and written—an ounce of fact being mixed with a peck of inference—that even the clearest headed appear to be growing a little "promiscuous" on the subject of personal responsibility. I do not wish to discuss the question. But this is certain that, while, from their nature, it may be impossible to eradicate in a single generation in all cases, it is always possible to pass on an evil tendency in weakened form, and that the children of such may be trained in view of that special tendency to be stronger to resist that weakened form. So on. "Hard!" do you say. "It takes self-denial!" I tell you it takes the stuff that heroes are made of; and every man who struggles to do this is every inch a hero. To him there will come, here and now, glorious compensation "in goodly measure, pressed down and running over." I offer a thought to such that may prove inspiring. It is not wholly in anger that the Creator thus visits "the sins of the fathers upon the children." Even this has its silver lining. For it is a small thing that we thus have it in our power to quench a parent's evil habits, nay more, to transform the evil into good? He who does this is a benefactor to all his race. Then, although I notice men are usually willing enough to father their virtues, it is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and there are few of us who are not indebted to our ancestors for good as well as evil. Let us be fair. Why should a single bad tendency be allowed to outweigh all the better gifts that came with it? Rather let us gird on our armor, face our besetment and conquer or, at least, die fighting.

"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

Is not life worth living with such grand possibilities? Realizing them, St. Augustine's ladder is no longer a poet's fancy but a glorious fact that may be veritied by all. Even the sin which presses about us and lurks within bears a jewel in its head that lights up many truths otherwise hidden to us. The lives of most of us are very much tangled and spoiled, but if each would just begin and make the best of what is left, the world would be wonderfully improved. There is a vast difference between the best and the worst of a thing, and there is a best to the sorest ill. If you have not learned the difference betwixt the two extremes try it, and try it now.

BEDE.

A Dutch Interior.

The living room of the average workingman is spacious, and generally furnished with a table, a few chairs, a family bed and a very large chiffonier. On the top of the latter the housewife has placed a few dinner plates on end, made of common Holland clay and colored in imitation of the well-known delft ware pottery. A carpet covers the floor, and in winter the hearth may be filled with a turf fire, but that only in the evening and when the husband is at home. Adorning the white-washed walls are a few highly-colored pictures, generally portraying the life of Joseph or Moses. At one side of the room is seen what looks to a stranger like closet doors, which, when opened, discloses the Hollander's bedstead. The bedstead, or rather sleeping apartment of the middle and lower classes of Holland, is built in the wall of the living room. It is a closet over six feet long, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and about four feet wide. It is in two divisions lengthwise—the upper one beginning about three and one-half feet from the bottom. This division is the sleeping apartment, and looks something like the upper berth of a sleeping car. A curtain of flowered chintz hangs before the bedstead. The doors of this contrivance are generally closed during the day, and the lower division of the cave is, in all workingmen's families, used for storing the winter's supply of potatoes, cabbages, etc. In another corner of this room stands an immense "kast" or chiffonier; sideboard and clothes-press would be a more appropriate name. The front of this article of furniture is oval in shape, carved in exquisite designs, the corners representing vases filled with flowers, dragons and creatures of mythological lore playing hide and seek, with lions' claws supporting the whole. Some of these sideboards would bring a fabulous price in America. Many have been in one family for generations, and are embellished with those beautiful and truly artistic wood-carvings so much admired by lovers of antiquity. No cash inducement would persuade a family to part with such an heirloom.

Does the Cap Fit?

One of the sarcastic foreigners who delight to make us the targets of their wit, says that in the typical American the passion for talk is unbounded, and it is only equaled by that for titles and decorations. Nothing seems so delightful to the average American as to take part in the processions that are perpetually being got up, and to wear the metallic or ribbon adornments that appertain to them. Of political, labor and friendly organizations, to say nothing of secret orders with grotesque titles and paraphernalia, there is no end, and members delight to appear in uniform, with cocked hats covered with cheap feathers, and wearing the inevitable sword and military gauntlets.

Effect of Light upon Flowers.

In parts of Norway and Sweden, where, during the summer, there is almost continuous daylight, barley crops are grown with only from six to eight weeks intervening from seed-time to harvest. After acclimatizing, many garden flowers increase in size and depth of color, there is a prevailing tinge of red in the plants of the field, the aroma of fruits is increased, and their color well developed, but they are deficient in sweetness. The development of essential oils in certain plants is greater than in the same plants grown in other latitudes. It is an established fact that light bears the same relation to aroma as heat does to sweetness.

A Little at a Time.

"I have no time to read," is a common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books we finish at a sitting that always do us most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read.

Chartered Nuisances.

An auditor in a Japanese theater is allowed, for a small extra fee, to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and try to get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see. Another peculiarity is that the extravagantly disposed visitor may purchase the right to sit upon the stage wherever he likes, and the actors go on with their parts in apparent unconsciousness of his presence. Our authority says he has seen a broadsword combat fought all around a visitor who showed no disposition to move.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.—*Colton.*

He who would advance in any department of knowledge must know what others have done before him.—*E. B. Edwards.*

On Divers Strings.

She Agreed.

(Villanelle.)

For Saturday Night.

She is sitting by his side, and he,
Sighing, gazeth dreamily
Into her face, whose eyes express
Unutterable tenderness.
And the whispered words of love,
Soft as cooing of the dove,
Float out upon the evening air,
Diffusing all their sweetness there.

Her breath like incense on his cheek
Falls lingeringly; they do not speak;
The lady's love is perplexed,
And with remorse extreme reflects
Since their acquaintance first began
He has been deemed a single man,
But now confession must be made—
His deep duplicity displayed.

No longer can it be postponed,
Or fatal secrecy condoned,
E'en though to know he has a wife,
Destroys the trusting creature's life.
With faltering tongue and fainting heart
He tells her all—that they must part.
He stops; she murmurs low: "You're right,
My husband will be home to-night."

G. MYRON MACKENZIE.

My Heart's on the Island.

For Saturday Night.

My love has to the Island gone, and left me sighing here;
My heart is on the Island, too, a-following the "dear."
For on that bleak and rugged shore, where billows break and foam,
My love will dwell a week or two within a canvas home.
I mourn her brief departure, and seem lost since that event,
It is so hard to realize my darling's in a tent.
I scan that dim horizon, 'tis my best affection's goal,
That distant strip of sand is now the Mecca of my soul;
I envy all the flotsam which in that direction floats;
I envy, too, the captains and the crews of all the boats,
For many of those mariners who reach that distant strand
Mayhap will see my darling walking pensive on the sand.
In fancy I can see her, too, and would my love had wings,
Though fancy serves me kindly and some consolation brings.
I know the "winds that whisper" will her raven tresses seek,
Will touch her lips with carmine and bring color to her cheek.
I know none in the parlor now can tete-a-tete my fair,
Nor serenade her lattice, for her lattice isn't there;
She cannot risk the danger of an overcrowded street,
And my detested rival she is certain not to meet.
Then, sun and moon and all ye stars, exert your kindest will,
And waft ye gentle zephyrs, and ye rougher winds lie still,
And all ye gracious elements, make no unseemly war,
For my love is under canvas, with her servants and her maw.

R. P. CROOKENDEN.

The Last of the Boys that Died.

For Saturday Night.

I've been to-day to a churchyard still
On the sunny slope of a grassy hill
Where, sleeping beside a little rill,
Is the first of the boys that died.

"Summa vita brevis" the tombstone said;
Poor Mac! that line together we read,
And now it's an epitaph over his head,
And I alive by his side.

My heart goes back through the saddening years,
And my eyes are dim with gathering tears,
As each face in 69's class appears,
To remind me I'm all alone.

I sadly think of the year we passed;
There were ten of us then—now I'm the last.
O God! in the years since then how fast
The seed of thy acre was sown.

We were climbing life's steep cliff side by side
High over eternity's ocean wide;
One by one they wearied and welcomed the tide
That swept them away to their rest.

I now am standing, no longer I climb,
My feet are tired, I wait my time;
Can wishing for death be a damning crime
When to die is to be blessed?

I see the nine on the other shore,
But the circle is broken, they wait one more,
And Mac and the boys all beckon me o'er
To take my place by their side.

There, that 'll do stranger! lower my head;
Is there anything else? is that what you said?
Yes. On my tombstone when I am dead
Put "The last of the boys that died."

WENDIGO. X.

What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped and the babe she tossed
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through.
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

BRET HARTE.

Here and There.

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY

The tale is told
That once of old
The red men on a voyage went
Up the dark river,
With bow and quiver,
By Jacques Cartier's order sent;
And paddled swiftly up the tide
As the morn's beauty opened wide.

At length they reach
A pebbly beach,
Where east and north the river turns,
And are puzzled sore,
As they think it o'er,
Whither to go when one discerns
A twig upon the eastward arm,
An omen meaning "free from harm."

So east they go,
And paddle slow,
Till a broad bay they see before,
Where the river ends;
When the mist ascends,
And a fair land stretches from the shore,
"Ha! ha!" they laugh; the shores resound;
And listening echoes swell the sound.

"Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha!"
The echoes answer to and fro,
Sounding far and wide
O'er the changing tide,
Till they die to a whisper soft and low;
Drowned by the wavelets' gentle play,
So the Indians called it "Ha! ha! Bay."

HONOR BY VERITAS.

* * *

The family Saratoga has received its annual overhauling, and the already depleted purse of paterfamilias is the object of attack once more. To stay at home when every lady who is anybody has departed for fresher fields and pastures new, is not to be thought of. The old ruse of closing up the front of the house, and going through the usual round of sea bathing, pier promenading, etc., in the back premises has been exploded by popular usage, and the real thing is the order of the day.

* * *

Poor paterfamilias has but a sorry time just now. Hardly has his shrunken purse recovered from the savage attacks made on it by the votaries of the Art Fair, tennis club, and other subscriptions, when the summer departure fever afflicts his family in its most malignant form. One expense leads but too surely into others, and the plea that nought but the cheapest kind of clothing, etc., is needed at the summer resorts is a delusion and a snare.

* * *

Of course he offers the old time resistance to such "confounded nonsense," and equally of course the court notes his objection and overrules the same. An unwilling consent is finally wrung from him, and the exodus begins. The city house is rented for two or three months to a newly married couple, or is handed over to the tender mercies of some poor but honest man and wife who immediately proceed to keep open house in a manner which the real owner thereof would despise, could he only be permitted to gaze upon it.

* * *

The merciful ass is looming up to the front once more, and Maxwell, the murderer, obtains the usual respite. True, the latter bears the sinister accompaniment of there being "no hope for a commutation of sentence," but the impression is gaining ground that the result in this case will be similar to that of the one in which Edward Stokes shot "Col. Jim Fisk" on the staircase of a hotel in New York. Stokes, it will be remembered, was sentenced and resentenced, but perseverance on the part of his friends, and the heavy bribes, which were only too well placed, secured a commutation with a comparatively light sentence, and now, after an interval of fifteen years, we find the pardoned murderer the most successful hotel man in Gotham. Candidly speaking, however, I don't really think Maxwell will be as successful as Stokes was, not that he is one whit more guilty of murder than the present proprietor of the Hoffman House, but simply that his friends are lacking in that root of all evil, which is so necessary when one goes a-wooing with American justice.

* * *

Until lately I have always been a firm believer in the unselfishness of the other sex. I am a backslider, now that the summer season has set in and I am brought face to face with the exaggerated accents, and the multitudinous adjectives of the gorgeously arrayed female who patronizes the Niagara and other large boats. I have seen her, and have heard her, and do not find myself yearning for a nearer acquaintance with one who unfeelingly elbows her way past old and young, and secures the best chair and the best situation which the boat affords.

* * *

The chair she sits on and the situation thus secured are certainly hers by right, and to the same this hoydenish creature is perfectly welcome, but I feel constrained to say that I and other unfortunates who are compelled to stand have some sort of *lien* on the stool upon which she has heaped several parcels, and from the doing of which she appears to think is hers by right of pre-emption.

* * *

I have alluded to her as a hoydenish creature, but this does not necessarily imply extreme or eternal youth. The offender in question is as often as not a giddy young thing on whom the *forties* will never smile again. Indeed it may be confessed that as a general rule the offender hasn't even good looks to soften the pangs of the injured ones. Hence these tears.

* * *

The Sudbury correspondent of a local paper in his despatch of a sensational fight between two lumbermen at Mattawa is evidently greater on letter-press than metaphor. After stating that one of the combatants had picked up a shovel and literally hacked his opponent's head to pieces, he gravely proceeds to inform an astounded community that the injured man is *dead*. I should think so. Most folks would be after such unchristian treatment. Yet, it is just possible that the search for gold has hardened the heads as well as the hearts of the good folks at Sudbury.

* * *

I am in receipt of a letter from an esteemed correspondent in Hamilton calling my attention to a new aspirant for literary honors, T. Harcourt Verney, better known to his friends as T. Herbert Chesnut, whose novel is to be shortly placed before the Canadian public. Of the merit of the book I am unable to say, for I have not seen it as yet, but I wish it all the success it may deserve.

* * *

If there is one commercial institution among us which prides itself on its extreme respectability it is that of the bankers. The respect accorded it has with little exception been well deserved, but there is one grievance on the part of some which ought to be brought before the general public. Whilst fierce debate and internal dissension have saddened the existence of the City Council touching shorter hours in the stores, it is perhaps little known that more than one of our banks places such an extra amount of work on the shoulders of a short-handed staff that many bank clerks are compelled to work hard on Sundays in order to keep pace with the pressure. The general impression in the mind of the public heretofore has been that the cares of life lay easily on the golden youth of our moneyed institutions, but this, like many other general impressions, is perhaps not quite so true as it may seem. And while it is possibly true that the bank clerk may avoid Sunday labor by sustained night work, yet it may also be argued that he has a somewhat natural desire to rub against his fellow creatures outside the scene of his daily labor. The princely salaries which our bank boards are in the habit of paying their clerks is oftentimes barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and now that Sunday labor is being crowded in it will be seen that the cross of the gilded youth is indeed hard to bear.

* * *

Girton College has achieved another triumph. Just two years ago one of her fair *alumnæ* defeated all male competitors in the Cambridge Classical Tripos, and amid the jubilations of England's womanhood secured the coveted distinction of Senior Classic. But the nine days' wonder ran its course, and for the past two years it seemed, to anyone who thought at all about the matter, as if the name of Agneta Frances Ramsey were fated to relapse into the comparative obscurity from which it had emerged. Such, at least, must have been the wishes felt, if not expressed, of the jealous and offended Cambridge males, and notably, we may believe, of the "fellows, scholars, and undergraduates of that right royal and munificent creation of Trinity College," whose overwhelming pride and self-sufficiency are notorious. But for these gentlemen a bitter disappointment has been reserved. Miss Ramsey, who is as good as she is clever, and as practical as she is erudite, has won the heart of the Master of Trinity himself, thus throwing all her past achievements into the shade, and putting to a perpetual shame the sneers of the aforesaid fellow scholars and undergraduates, who find themselves "not in it."

* * *

Dr. Butler occupies one of the most distinguished and enviable positions, next to an archbishopric, open to a scholar and divine. Among his predecessors in the mastership have been Bentley, Newton, and Whewell. The salary is about £6,000, the house, handsome, old-fashioned and roomy—in fact so desirable that the monarch of these realms for the time being has the privilege of claiming apartments there whenever Her Majesty pleases—and the work light and agreeable. Dr. Butler was for upwards of twenty years a most successful master of Harrow. Shortly after his first wife's death he resigned, and accepted a canonry at Gloucester, an uncongenial post which he held for only a few months as a stopgap. His time of office at Trinity has been so short that it would be premature to say whether it has been successful or not. It is to be hoped that with a young and accomplished lady for its mistress, the Lodge will become once more the scene of those hospitalities which in Dr. Thompson's time had unfortunately been allowed to lapse.

ST. GEORGE.

Something to Remember.

A young man from some interior town, who was in that condition known as sprung, was seeking a skirmish yesterday. He said he was the young man of the Marble Heart, whatever that is, and that he felt lonesome because he hadn't shed somebody's blood for three long hours. The policeman on that beat warned him in a fatherly way to scatter himself over the city, but he replied:

"Not a scatter! Honor chains me here. I am the man of the Marble Heart."

"Yes, but you don't want to be locked up, I take it," protested the officer. "There's no use in getting into trouble because your heart isn't made on the regular plan."

But he wouldn't go. He wanted gore and other high-priced summer goods, and waiting until the officer was a block away he bristled up to a man with a basket on his arm and dared him to look cross-eyed.

"I warn ye to kape off!" exclaimed the man as he moved along.

The man of the Marble Heart moved after him. Then the basket dropped, the young man went into the gutter in a heap, and a sport declared him knocked out in the first round. The policeman returned and picked him up and called the wagon, and it was not until the victimreached the station that he spoke. Then he said:

"S'all right. Man of the Marble Heart can't stand up to the man with the Iron Fist. Didn't know it before, but I shall remember it now—always remember it."

The Story of the Man of Humanity and the Bull Calf.

"Make veal of that pretty creature! 'Tis a shame!" says the man of humanity. "I will buy him and take him home to the children."

"Ef Oi was you, Oi wud niver tol that rope around me waist," says the former proprietor of the calf.

"Oh, never fear: he is a gentle thing," says the M. O. H.

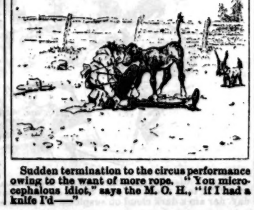
The "gentle thing" develops a tendency to play, rather startling to M. O. H.—

And takes him for a little dash down a stony hill.

But is stopped at the bottom by a small dog—the M. O. H. goes on.

"Be still, little calfy, till I untie this cord—that's a good little calfy," says the M. O. H.

Renewal of hostilities by the dog, and a circus performance by the M. O. H. and his purchase.



Sudden termination to the circus performance owing to the want of more rope. "You microcephalous idiot," says the M. O. H., "if I had a knife I'd——"

But the sentence is never finished, for again the dog interferes and the M. O. H. is unfurled.

The "pretty creature" becomes alarmed and goes through a break in the fence leaving the M. O. H. in a serious position.

A Rescue of the M. O. H. by natives—mutual astonishment.

"Boys," says the M. O. H., "you may have that calf—he is yours on condition that he is made at once into *veal—minced veal!*"—*Scribners.*

Carl Dunder's Philosophy.

If I vhas to live my life oafer again I expect I do no petter ash pefore. Nopody knows how to live until he vhas ready to die.

Nopody vhas sooch a good friendt to me dot he can tell me vhere I should reform onless I get mad mit him. It vhas human nature dot we all believe we vhas good enough.

In trying to get something for nothing in dis world we sheerfully buy $2 worth of cigars for der man who gifs us a teecket to a feefty-cent show.

I doan' see some loafers around midout I wonder dot Nature vhas so foolish. She could shust ash well haf used oop dot material to grow fence rails und hitching-posts.

If you find me some man who vhas satisfied mit der weather und der peoples und der world, I show you somepody who vhas ripe for either Heafen or der idiot asylum.

Vhen I like to pound on my drum I forget dot I haf some neighbors who may like to sheep. Vhen I like to sheep myself my neighbor should be put in shail if he plays on der piano.

We like a man who shpeaks der truth by us, und yet shust so soon ash he tells us something unpleasant we vhas mad at him.

Vhen I hear a boy whistle I feel safe. I know dot so long as he whistles he doan' put up some shob to sheal my apples or carry off my front gate.

If you take a man's bad luck und trace it back you vhill discover dot he vhas to blame ten times vhere somepody else vhas once, und yet he remembers only dot once.

I doan' like a man to be too liberal mit me, especially a doctor in prescribing large doses.

It vhasn't so much der darkness I vhas afraid of vhen night comes, but maype I do sometings mean or wicked by daylight.

If you keep your eyes open you vhill see dot charity works hard all summer, while most of her beneficiaries sleep in der shade or loafs mit der saloons.

We doan' know some men until dey vhas gone to der bad. Den it vhas we hears eaferybody say how shmart und talented dey vhas all der time.

Der best frendt I eafer had became my enemy as soon as I lent him fife dollar mitout security. Dot same man would have mortgaged his house und lot to somepody else und felt dot it vhas only peeaness.

Sometimes it seems to me dot der world vhas too wicked to stand much longer, und dot it vhas hard to find one honest, upright man. I take some liver medicine, und lo! der next day der world vhas good enough und all men vhas all right.

I haf seen a funeral procession a mile long, und two weeks later I haf asked who vhas buried dot day, und nopody could remember. Vhen a man gets through mit der world der world vhas through mit him.

A hypocrite vhas a bad man, und yet sometimes I vhas glad to meet a tief who doan' tell me who he vhas.

Vhen I see a woman cry I feel to praise der wisdom of Nature. If she couldn't shed tears she would pull somepody's hairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That Grandson of Mine.

He arrived at the farm house before breakfast. He came from the city, was 14 years old, and looked thin, scrawny and dudish.

"Poor boy," my wife said, "I must get up something to tempt his appetite."

The events of the day showed that his appetite didn't need tempting. On the contrary, it needed suppression, it was so appallingly perceptible. He ate three square meals, stole most of the lunch he was sent with to the harvest field, put away about three quarts of cherries, rifled the melon patch of a twenty pound melon and sat on the shed after dark and demolished a dozen mammoth tomatoes his grandmother had put there to ripen. I supposed I'd have to gallop five miles across the country at midnight for a stomach pump or at least dive into the medicine chest after the Jamaica ginger. Well, I neither rode nor "dove." He slept like a top and rose serenely at daybreak, looking as hungry, insatiate and cavernous as ever.

A more mischievous boy never came under my observation. Pure cussedness was spread out all over him. I was a bad boy myself; my son was worse than I was; but that boy of his beat all creation. I'm a deacon, and never believed in total depravity, but I believe in it now. He must have been beyond redemption before he was born.

He threw the cat into the well; he pulled out the peacock's tail; he stole the eggs from the setting hens; he fired squibs into the beehives; he fed the pigs paris green; he crushed tenpenny nails in the corn-sheller; he—well, there's no relating what he didn't do.

Wasn't he hurt any? A little. He fell from the top of a barn; a mule kicked out two of his teeth; the corn-sheller took off a thumb nail and the bees punctured his anatomy right lively. But it didn't abate his evil propensity; it scarcely disturbed his serenity.

One afternoon I saw him quarreling with one of the Scroggin boys. I knew what would be the upshot of that. The Scroggin boy was as tough as a dogwood knot; he was a fighter from way back; he would give that frail-looking city boy, that dudish grandson of mine, a terrific trouncing. He'd wipe up the ground with him; he'd walk all over him.

The hour of my revenge had come. I glided behind a tree and watched. I chuckled; I rubbed my hands; my eyes snapped with pleased anticipation.

They got to blows, but things didn't pan out as I thought they would. That Scroggin boy crawled home the worst whipped boy you ever saw. His nose was split like a peach, his left eye was in mourning, there was a lump on his forehead as large as a goose egg, and his off-leg limped painfully after its mate.

That was last summer. Yesterday I received a letter announcing that he is coming this summer. Now, what am I to do? I'm too brave to commit suicide and it would be mean to run away. I'll shut my teeth hard and try to possess my soul in patience, if I can. If I can't, I'll resign the office of deacon, and give free outlet to my pent-up feelings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ball-room Whispers.

Sweet young spinster with dreamy eyes: "I hate dancing with him. He always treads on my toes, generally tears my frock, and steers as if we were waltzing on a desert island." Another maiden: "He is what I call an unsatisfactory partner. He says nice things to one while one is dancing with him, and directly the music stops takes one straight back to mamma." Another: "I like him, my dear Mr. S.! He can't dance better than a pig in armor, and when he sits out he has no more notion of flirting than my baby-brother; but he always gets me what I want at supper at once, and he doesn't sulk when I throw him over. He is a perfect *pis-aller* partner." Another: "I can't make him out. He is quite sentimental and nice when we are so crowded up that I can't respond; but, if we happen to get alone on a balcony or in a corner, he suddenly becomes as serious as papa when my boot-bill comes in." Others: "He dances beautifully, but there's the end of him; he ought to hire himself out at a pantomime." "He would be nice if he didn't continually forget that I am not interested in seeing how much he adores some one else." "He will talk of me till I am ashamed of my own identity—he does it so badly."

The Last New Industry.

Able Editor—Graduate of a college of journalism, eh?

Applicant—Yes, sir; I took the first prize for the neatest appearing scrap book and I was stroke oar of the editorial crew and pitcher of the reportorial baseball club. I came out only second beat in the great inter-collegiate billiard tournament, too.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be of much use in any of our regular departments but I can give you a job for the campaign.

"I hope the work won't spoil my good clothes.

"No."

"I wouldn't like to get my hands dirty, either."

"You won't have to. Just sit down at that desk and write letters to the paper advocating the election of Thingumbob."

"Yes, sir. Shall I sign my name to the essays?"

"Great Scott, no! Sign them 'Workingman,' 'Son of Toil,' 'Labor,' etc."

The Last Straw.

"Is there anything you can leave off the bill of fare?" asked a careful landlord of his steward.

"No, sir; I've marked off most of the dishes now, and have added the salt and pepper to the list of relishes."

"Have you announced that all meals sent to rooms would be charged extra?"

"I have, sir."

"And that guests are not allowed to take fruit from the table?"

"Yes, sir."

"You might add that no second order will be filled."

"It's done, sir."

"Then that is all, unless you speak of the toothpicks. We mustn't be too particular in serving the public. You can mark the toothpicks."

She Got One.

Angelica—Tell me, Augustus, what are those funny little boats the fishermen have?

Augustus—"They are smacks."

"How cute they are! How I should like to have a little smack."

"Your wishes are my law. Lower your sunshade a trifle and you shall have a dozen."

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

Her Mother's Marriage

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The recognition is mutual, and, on the gentleman's part at any rate, gives very evident pleasure.

"Miss Newton," he cries, eagearly, "how glad I am to see you! I almost feared that I was not to have that pleasure again. My friend, Mrs. Lechampton, said that she could not induce you to visit her."

"My mother's health did not permit of my leaving her," Addie rejoins, with a quiver in her voice, for the mention of the invalid came is almost too much for her. "I attended the concert by special request; mamma hoped I might be of some little use to poor Mr. Bell's family."

The unsteady voice, the new mourning sign signs not to be mistaken. The gentleman has no wish to be inquisitive, but he says, gently:

"I am afraid, Miss Newton, that you have been in trouble!"

"I have lost my mother," she says, with a world of sorrow in her sad young voice, "and I am going away from home to-day."

"Indeed! I am very sorry; and the old lady who put you into this carriage, could she not accompany you? You are too young and too—too inexperienced," the young fellow says, catching at the first word that suggests itself, instead of saying "lovely," as he was almost doing, "to travel alone."

"My cousin will meet me at Birmingham, and there is no changing until I get there."

"I am glad that you are going among friends," the gentleman says, in a sympathetic tone.

"They are my relatives, but whether they will be friends I scarcely know; and yet I ought not to say that, for the cousin who is to meet me has written most kindly."

"You do not know her?"

"I do not know any of my cousins; but my uncle came to see my poor mamma at the last, and he was very nice. I shall like him, I am sure, although I cannot think why he let mamma live such a lonely life," Addie says, slowly, and as if she is putting the question over again to herself.

"This country is all new to you, perhaps?" her fellow traveler asks, for although he is much interested in all that concerns her he does not wish to betray his curiosity.

Her reply that it is all strange gives him an opportunity to point out everything of interest on the route, and very soon he has the pleasure of seeing that he has succeeded in making her forget her troubles for a time. Indeed, so well does he entertain her that she is surprised when he tells her that in a few minutes they will be in Birmingham.

"And then I shall be more than half-way to Bickington. Really, I expected the journey to seem much longer," she exclaims.

"Bickington! Is that your destination?" the gentleman cries, in surprise.

"Yes; perhaps you know the place?"

"I do; and after staying a couple of days in Birmingham I am going down to Bickington to see an old friend who lives there. I think that you will like the neighborhood. It seems to me to be one of the prettiest spots in the midlands."

"My uncle has only recently removed there, and, of course, I know nothing whatever of the place or its people," Addie rejoins, while a soft color comes into her pale cheeks at the thought that this pleasant agreeable gentleman may sometimes come across her path in the unknown home to which she is journeying.

It is a surprise to Esther Conniston to see the black-robed figure, which she feels sure is that of her cousin, Addie Newton, accompanied by a distinguished looking gentleman, when the train from Derby comes up to the platform where Esther has been waiting for her cousin.

Her first thought is that Addie had imprudently struck up an acquaintance with an entire stranger; but one look at the proud, cold face, as she ranks an eager glance along the platform, drives every other consideration to the winds. Esther at once steps forward.

"Cousin Addie!" she says, in a soft, eager voice, which, though expressing interrogation, conveys no doubt, so sure is she that the girl before her is the daughter of the Addie Newton whom she saw nineteen years ago.

"Yes, dear Esther," Addie says, scanning the face of her cousin eagerly. "How kind of you to come!"

"Why, my dear, I longed to see you so much that I have scarcely been able to wait patiently for your coming. I hope you are not very tired. We have some distance to go yet."

"Thank you, I am not tired. The gentleman who has gone to look after my luggage has traveled with me since Mrs. Mills left me."

"Do you know him?" Esther asks, turning to look again at the stranger.

"Yes, slightly. He was staying at Glassonford a short time ago. We met quite by accident to-day, and I was glad to have his company, for I should have been very lonely after I had to part with Mrs. Mills."

"Of course, dear. And now let us have some tea, for we have only fifteen minutes to wait," Esther says, glancing at the clock overhead.

"Let us speak to Mr. Keithson first," Addie rejoins, quickly, for at that moment her traveling companion is coming towards them.

Esther turns her eyes questioningly upon him, and Addie says, with a pretty gesture—

"My cousin has found me, Mr. Keithson, so I shall be quite safe now. Esther, Mr. Keithson, who has been good enough to look after me, Mr. Keithson, my cousin, Miss Conniston."

Mr. Keithson likes the quiet, lady-like demeanor of Miss Conniston, and tells her how pleased he is to see Miss Newton with a friend. Then, after ascertaining that the ladies have a few minutes to wait, he leads the way to a refreshment-room.

"Mr. Keithson knows Bickington, Esther," Addie observes, by way of making her cousin feel quite at ease with her new acquaintance.

"Not very intimately," he says, with a smile, in answer to Esther's look of interest. "Indeed I may say I am only acquainted with one of its inhabitants. You are sure to know him, however, as he is the rector of the parish."

"Mr. Ramsey! Yes, indeed. He is not only our rector, but a very good friend," Esther says, warmly. "We are very near neighbors, too, now."

"Then perhaps I may have the pleasure of meeting you again, Miss Connison," the gentleman returns. "I shall visit Mr. Ramsey at the end of the week."

Esther feels that she is quite safe in saying that they are sure to meet if he intends remaining any length of time at Bickington, and there is not much opportunity for further conversation, for their is barely time to drink a cup of almost scalding hot tea when the Bickington train is announced.

Five minutes later the cousins have commenced the stage of their journey, and Mr. Keithson stands bareheaded on the platform.

"He really is a most agreeable gentleman," Esther observes, "and, of course, as he knows Mr. Ramsay, it is all right, or I should feel just a trifle uneasy at making so free with a stranger. Was he visiting friends of yours at Glassonford, dear?"

"He was at the Hall. Mrs. Lechampton, the squire's wife, got up the concert, and Mr. Hithson is a friend of hers," Addie explains.

"Oh! visiting at the hall. I thought he had a superior air," Essie says, slowly. "You had concerts at Glassonford! Papa told us that you were musical."

"I love music, and dear mamma encouraged the taste. Cousin Esther, do you remember her very well?" Addie asks, in a low voice.

"So well, dear, that I knew you at once," is the reply. "It was before you were born that I saw her—nineteen years ago."

"Had she lost my father then?" Addie asks.

"I do not know; but I rather think so. At any rate, he did not live a year after her marriage. I think, perhaps, that was why she looked sad and ill when I saw her," Esther says, thoughtfully.

"She had a sad expression always, though she never spoke of her loss, unless in answer to my questions, and, as I soon saw that they gave her pain, I ceased to put them. But she was always sweet and gentle, and tried to keep sorrow from me. And, oh! how happy we were," Addie says, while her eyes rest on the distant sky as if she has forgotten her present surroundings.

"My own mother was dead before I saw young," Esther says, for she wishes to draw the girl's thoughts away to other things.

"Ah! yes, I know there is no aunt at your home; my uncle told me that you were mistress of the house. Do you remember your mother, Esther?"

"Yes; but she died when I was a child. You know, do you not, that my father married again?"

"Addie does not know; but Esther has succeeded in arousing her cousin's interest in the numerous members of the family among whom she is about to make her home.

When Bickington is reached, Addie has heard something relating to each and all of her cousins, and Esther has contrived to make her believe that all her relatives are eager to see her.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Elsie, the duckling is very much of a duckling after all. I rather feared she might develop into a swan," Bella Conniston says, when Esther has taken Addie to the room which has been prepared for her.

"Don't you think her very sweet and—and super-looking? It seems to me that she is more dainty than most of the folks we know," Gertie hazards.

"So she is," agrees Bab. "How can you liken her to the ugly duckling, Bella? Why, when she gets over this trouble, she will be quite lovely, I'm sure."

"Pooh! A pale, sad-faced girl is nowhere nowadays," Bella rejoins, confidently. "There is not likely to be anything brilliant about her anyway. Tell us all about the meeting, Essie."

Esther gives an account of it; but does not think it necessary to tell the girls of her interview with Mr. Conniston. Bab has been commanded to the rectory, and comes in just as his niece, accompanied by Esther, enters the large, comfortably-furnished room, which is used as a general sitting-room.

"Dear Addie, welcome to the Mount," he says, as he bends to kiss the wistful face. "I meant to meet you at the station, but I am quite sure your cousins would do duty for me, for they have scarcely been able to restrain their impatience all day."

"Indeed, they did," Addie says, trying to be brave. "You are all very kind to me."

"I have been down to see Mr. Ramsey, Essie," Mr. Conniston explains, as he seats himself after having given Addie a chair near the fire. "He has had a telegram from his son."

"Mr. Geoff!" Essie asks, with a quick, almost imperceptible gasp. "Is anything the matter? He is ill; but Mr. Ramsey knows no particulars. He—the rector—has gone away by the four o'clock train. It is a long journey for him. Mr. Geoff lives in Scotland."

"Yes, papa," Essie quietly rejoins.

And she never supposes that anyone has noticed that she is particularly affected by the news.

"The rector's absence is somewhat awkward just now," Mr. Conniston resumes. "There are so many meetings to be held, and it appears that Mr. Herbert and his mother are coming home next week. Mr. Herbert is the owner of most of the property here, Addie, and he explains to Addie, "and I have just accepted the management of his estate. He has been away for many years, and is coming home shortly."

Essie has taken her seat at the table now, and is arranging the cups.

"Addie, dear, sit still by the fire," she says. "We are going to have a sort of tea-dinner this evening; but I will pass yours over there. You look quite comfortable in that low seat."

"It is very cosy," Addie says, with a smile.

And then her little heart wonders if Esther really did look troubled a few minutes ago.

The conversation is pretty general; but the one topic which interests the party is that of the home-coming of the Hall people.

After tea Esther goes to her father as he stands near Addie, and says, quietly, yet Addie feels sure with much anxiety—

"Will Mr. Ramsey write to you, papa?"

"He will telegraph in the morning. Poor man, it was a shock to him, I could see. Why, let me see, Mr. Geoff was here a few months ago."

"In July, papa," Esther rejoins, and her face grows strangely white, but her father is looking into the fire, and does not notice it.

"I must go out again for an hour or two. If you feel tired, Addie, you are to take what steps you like to make yourself comfortable," he says, with a smile.

When he leaves the room only Esther and Addie remain in it. The former seems to have forgotten her cousin's presence in the low chair, and stands on the rug white and still.

"Essie, dear," Addie says, touching her hand softly, "can I help you?"

"No—no, it is late," Essie says, with a weary sigh. "And perhaps I might have saved him. Yet I did it for the best."

"Mr. Geoff, do you mean!" Addie asks, gently.

"Yes, Mr. Geoff; the only man who ever loved me, the only one whom I—but I am forgetting myself, dear Addie. What must you think of me to be talking thus to you! Come and see some of the other rooms, dear, if you are not too tired."

"Do not worry about me, my dear cousin. You have made me happier than I ever thought I could be on this day. Let me do something to comfort you," Addie pleads.

"Yes, dear; you can help me by assisting in hiding from my father and sisters what I have betrayed to you. Some time I may have courage to tell you all, but not to-night. If you will see over the house I shall be glad. I cannot settle to my work. Come!"

And, forgetting her own sorrows in her sympathy with the gentle girl who has received her so tenderly, Addie goes to Esther's wish, and they go together through the picturesque and commodious house.

After going leisurely from room to room the two cousins return to the sitting-room, where the whole family has re-assembled.

"You look tired to-night, Essie. Traveling isn't much in your line," Mr. Conniston remarks, with a smile. "I vote that you give the reins into Bella's hands to-night, and go to your room early."

"Do, Essie," Addie says, in a low, earnest voice. "I am going to bed, if uncle and my cousins will excuse me."

And so the two girls go upstairs together, Esther doing her part as hostess with a minuteness that astonishes Addie, who is quite sure that her cousin is suffering acutely.

"There, Essie dear, I am sure everything is as comfortable as it is possible to make it," the younger girl says, at length. "Do think of yourself now, and try to get some rest. Try also to hope that the morning will bring good news," she adds, as she puts her arms lovingly round her cousin's neck.

"But if it does not!" Esther returns, in a low, frightened voice. "It would not be so bad if they all knew; but things cannot be altered now," she says, hopelessly.

"I feel sure you will be better able to think in the morning, and I really do believe there will be good news. Try, dear, to be hopeful," Addie says, so cheerfully that her words carry comfort to Esther's troubled heart.

Thus it happens that on the first night of her stay in her new home Addie finds that new interests in life are opening to her, and, instead of receiving she is giving consolation.

Next morning Mr. Ramsey telegraphs that his son is better, and an hour later, to the great surprise of Mr. Conniston, another message is handed to him requesting him to send his daughter Esther to see Geoffrey, if possible.

"I think there is some mistake here, Esther," he says, after he has called her into his private room. "Mr. Ramsey says that his son is much better, but he wishes to see you."

And he looks in perplexity at her flushing face.

"I do not think there is any mistake, papa. It seemed useless to say anything before; but Geoffrey and I have loved each other for years, but I saw no possibility of marrying him and refused to be engaged to him, though I believe he has never ceased to hope."

"You have loved each other? Good gracious! And what was to hinder your marriage? He has a good—fairly good—living, and you have—bless me, Essie! Is it possible that we have been so thoughtless as to keep you with us, drudging and spending your income for the common weal when you were needed elsewhere? My dear child, I am quite ashast!"

"You see, papa, nobody thought of anyone caring for me," Esther returns, without intending any reproach. "And, really, I do not quite see how the old home could have gone on without me. But you will let me go to Geoffrey now?"

"Let you go. I should like to see anyone attempt to keep you back. If it were not for the rector's absence I would accompany you, but someone must be here to arrange with Mr. Herbert."

"Oh! I am not afraid of the journey. Will you see about the trains, papa, while I put a few things together! And, papa dear," she says, with a flush, "do you mind keeping the cause of my journey a secret until I have set out?"

"All right, Essie. Can you be ready in an hour? If so you will be able to reach St. Ialarn to-night."

"In half the time, if needful," Esther answers, quickly. "You are quite sure that the second telegram confirms the good news of the first?"

"Quite. See here."

Esther eagerly read the words, although she knows her father would not deceive her. Those few words, "Condition continues to improve," make her heart thrill.

On the stairs she meets Addie, and taking her by the hand, says:

"Come to my room a moment."

"More good news, dear?" Addie asks.

"Yes; Geoffrey is better, and has sent for me. I have told my father of our love. You see, dear, we Connistons are not very well off, and—and I did not see how I could be spared," Esther says, without conveying any very clear idea to Addie's mind, for that young lady knows nothing of Esther's private income. "But now papa is aware of—of Geoffrey's wish I feel happier. I am going away in less than an hour, but papa will not explain to the girls till I am gone. You will try to make yourself as comfortable as possible, dear!"

"But, I will, for your news has made me feel as if a load has gone off me. Of course, I shall miss you, for I seem to have known you ever so long, but I am glad, very glad that you are going. Now, can I help you?"

Esther gladly accepts the offered aid, and by the time a messenger has been packed Addie's sweet face is flushed with excitement. It is so new to her to have anything to do with people in love that she feels she is on the borders of romance.

"What a strange thing it is—this love?" she thinks, as she writes a label for the luggage.

"I'm sure the girls will be startled," Esther says, with a pretty blush that makes her look quite girlish. "You see, Addie, they have always looked upon me as an old maid."

"Do they always seemed grown up to them, you know, especially to the younger ones. If ever they had any notion that I might one day marry, I expect they appointed me to some old widower. Geoffrey is exactly my own age."

"What is he like?"

"It is scarcely fair to ask me. I am not an impartial judge. You will see his carte in one of the albums. Now, I must get on my things. Addie, do you mind seeing if the girls are anywhere about?"

"You must have some food before you start. I will order Jane to take some to my room. You know you told her to attend to me."

"Poor Addie! Are you afraid of feeling that this new found treasure of a cousin has tact to act in a case of emergency. Mr. Conniston respects Esther's wish to get her away without explanation. He merely informs Bella that he wishes Esther to go out with him, and deputes her—Bella—to act in Esther's stead. Bab, later he declares all his girls, including Addie, to give him their company for a few minutes, when to the amazement of his daughters, he tells them of Esther's departure for Cornwall.

"I am afraid," he says, gravely, "we have all been most selfish. We have very coolly suffered Esther to expend the money which belong to her from her mother's family upon us. It was this consideration, more even than that of her being the mistress of the house, that kept her from accepting Geoffrey Ramsey's offer of marriage."

"You don't mean to say, papa, that Geoffrey Ramsey wished to marry Esther?" Bella cries, in astonishment.

"That is exactly what I do mean, my dear. He has the good sense to discover her worth, and has been patiently waiting for eight years in the hope that she might see her way to marry him at last."

"And we all acted as if we thought that no one would ever think of Esther," Bab says, with an expression of dismay. "How our words must have pained her!"

"We might have remembered, "Bella observes, scornfully, "that as Esther was the only one of us likely to take her husband a dowry she was not doomed to single blessedness!"

"Bella! How dare you speak so?" Mr. Conniston cries, indignantly. "Do you know that you are making an infamous insinuation respecting a man whom I greatly esteem? I am ashamed of you; and I hope you will have the grace to feel ashamed of yourself when I tell you that Geoffrey Ramsey proposed that Esther should settle her money upon me. The dear girl knew that I should insist not only upon her retaining her money, but upon her acceptance of the man she loves, and so she refused the noble fellow. She tells me that Mr. Ramsey casually remarked a few days ago that Geoffrey's housekeeper had left him to be married, and she fears that he has not been well attended lately. However, I trust she will find him on a fair way to recovery, and I am sure it will gratify his father very much to know that through his influence we are now in a position to spare our dear, generous girl, who deserves such a man as Geoffrey Ramsey, and that is saying a good deal."

"Well, I must say, papa, that I am awfully surprised; but I hope you will forgive what I said just now," Bella exclaims; for in spite of her bluntness she is not insensible to nobility of conduct in others. "I was certainly very generous of Mr. Geoff, and when one comes to think of it, why was Esther not as likely to be loved as as any of us?"

"Bella, I thought that you spoke without consideration, my dear, and am glad to hear you talk so sensibly now you have had time to reflect. I hope you will make your sisters must try to make Addie as happy as possible, for of course she had become rather more accustomed to Esther than to any of you."

"Indeed, uncle, they are all very kind to me, and I feel quite resigned to the temporary loss of Essie, for I am very sure she deserves to have all the happiness that seems to be here," Addie says, sweetly.

Then Mr. Conniston goes out, and the girls all talk at once, so that there is a perfect Babel of confusion.

"Well, it is as it should be," Grace, commonly called "Baby," remarks, when there is a momentary lull. "The eldest Miss Conniston ought to be married first."

"And if we all go off in the proper order you must not grumble or grow impatient," laughs Bella.

"As if we are all as full of the subject as you, Bella. Cousin Addie must be highly entertained. I hope her head isn't turned with such nonsense."

Addie, who is unused to the society of girls, looks somewhat mystified.

"What sort of of nonsense?" she asks.

"Oh! lovers, husbands, marriage," Gracie rejoins, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Are they nonsense?" Addie asks. "You see I know nothing at all about any of them. This affair of Essie's is the first in which I have had any special interest. I hope," she adds, with a smile, "that her lover does not come under your appellation? By-the-way, will someone describe him to me?"

"Fetch the album, Baby," Gertie cries, "while I give Addie a verbal description of our brother-in-law elect. Fancy to yourself a gentleman in clerical garb, about five feet ten high with black hair and mustache, very dark eyes, a complexion somewhat pale—from over study, I used to think, but in the light of to-day's revelation I am inclined to attribute the pallor to a different cause—clear cut features and a very agreeable expression. That, with the photo, ought to give you some idea, Addie."

Addie turns eagerly to look at the album, which her youngest cousin opens with the remark:

"Whatever Geoffrey may be in other respects he certainly is a good-looking fellow."

"I like the look of his eyes, readily.

At this moment Mr. Conniston comes in hastily, his face wearing a worried look.

"Here is an awkward business," he says. "I have just received a letter from Mr. Herbert, in which he says he thinks of coming down on Saturday on business, and will remain over Sunday with Mr. Ramsey, to whom he says he has written by the same post."

"Well, papa, can you not let him know of the rector's absence?" suggests Bella.

"Impossible, my dear. He is not at home, and gives no address."

"That is awkward, certainly; for of course there is no prospect of Mr. Ramsey's return."

"And the Bickington Arms is in no condition to make him comfortable. You know one-half of it is dismantled, and the rest is one all topsy turvy. We must offer him a bed here. If he care to come you can manage, Bella?"

"I will do my best, papa. Of course, he will not expect to have things as they should be at the Hall," Bella says, with heightened color, while she devoutly wishes that Esther were at home—Esther, who always seems ready for any emergency.

"I should imagine him to be a man of some discretion," Mr. Conniston replies, with a look of relief; "and I am sure, my dear, you will manage very nicely. Unfortunately, I do not know in the least what time Mr. Herbert has mentioned in his letter to Mr. Ramsey, so you must be prepared to see him at any time on Saturday."

And Bella entrusts the arrangement of the best bedroom to Addie and the twins, while she and her other two sisters go to offer ther services to their only reliable servant, Susan.

(To be Continued.)

Energetic Measures.

Pastor (dismissing congregation)—De membahs what am pervided wid umbrellas will please wait till I take a look at 'em. Sence de mysterious disappearance of my own umbrella last Sun-day, dar am a dark cloud ob suspicion floatin' over dis yer church, which hab got to be dispelled!

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G. P. SHARPE.

WHY?

A Charming Love Story in Six Parts.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FINGER AGAIN.

Lying sometimes assumes the form of equivocation or mental dodging—a kind of lying which a Frenchman once described as walking round about the truth. —S. SMILES.

For a few days all went smoothly and fair with the household at the Priory. Georgie was as soft as silk and as sweet as honey to every one, and, while her mother, together with Violet and Madge, deplored the renewed intimacy with the redoubtable Joey Lancaster, not seeing what good could come of it in any way, they yet were not slow to take the fullest advantage of the delightful state of peace which that intimacy brought about.

Without doubt Miss Georgie ruled the roost at the Priory! It was decided that unofficially, nevertheless, it was perfectly true. She took no part in the management of the household, except to find fault; she never made herself useful with needle and thread, as Madge and Violet did, except at rare intervals and for the adornment of her own little person; she never considered the feelings or the comfort of any human being but herself (except she wanted to coax some unusually large favor or service out of that person, when Circe herself could not have been more seductive than Georgie Darrell); and yet, undoubtedly, she was invariably thought of first in every plan or arrangement that was made, and considered far more than any one else in the family.

It was not that they believed in her, that they thought her clever or even intelligent. No; it was simply and solely because Georgie had the power—the power, nay, in her case, it amounted to a gift—of making herself so intolerably disagreeable that, for the sake of peace alone, her mother and sisters had dropped into the habit of endeavoring never to put her out of conceit with herself or her surroundings.

Or, stay—I am going rather too far in saying that, for Madge had a wholesome way of letting Miss Georgie have the plain and unvarnished truth now and again, which was as unpalatable to her and as good for her as the stern and unbending Virginie's celebrated *tisane*.

So, for several days, all went pretty merrily as possible! Georgie was all smiles and little coquetries, and the redoubtable Joey was in and out of the Priory like the proverbial "dog in a fair." But this blissful state of things did not tend to make Georgie any more lenient than usual to the desires and amusements of others.

"I can't think why that Mr. Lesley is always here," she remarked one day when that gentleman appeared at the gate. "Really, he is never off the doorstep. The man is getting a regular nuisance."

"Oh; he'll serve as a pendant to Joey," observed Madge with a caustic laugh. "I'm sure Joey practically lives with us, and it's just as well that he should not be the only man about the place. We might quarrel about him if he were."

"Joey doesn't come to see you," said Georgie with dignity.

"Heaven forbid!" Madge ejaculated, piously, "he'd have a short shrift, as far as this house is concerned, if he did."

"When any men do come to see you, Madge, my dear," said Georgie, with a very elder-sister sort of air, "it will be time enough then for you to say anything about the shortness or the longness of their shrift. But until then I would really advise you to leave those little caustic speeches unsaid; they sound so jealous."

"I not jealous of Mr. Lesley coming to see you, Georgie," said the younger girl, smiling down from her superior height.

"You no need to be; I like Joey Lancaster much the best of the two," said Georgie, with superb disdain.

"That is a very good thing," retorted Madge, with the utmost gravity. "It makes it so pleasant and easy all round for us, doesn't it? And you know what Sannazaro says on that subject, don't you?"

"No, I don't," returned Georgie, sharply, as she put the finishing touches to the feathery masses of her hair.

"'Ho among mortals,'" Madge quoted, "'may with most truth be called happy, who, without envying the grandeur of others, with a modest mind is contented with his own fortune.'"

Georgie was, for the moment silenced. She understood the drift of the quotation, but quotations were not in her line and had the effect of confusing her for the time. Still, she saw plainly enough the drift of Madge's remarks, and, instead of setting her wits to answer her sharp-tongued young sister in her own language, she took a sudden resolve—Joey Lancaster and the dancer of Flora West's attractions notwithstanding—a resolve which involved the subjugation of Lesley and the painful process—necessary, Georgie would have called it, had she put the idea into words—of letting Madge see, once and for all, that she could not thus flaunt her swaggering White Dragoon in the face of a little woman like herself because she chose to select her chief favorite from among the subalterns of the Columbine Regiment.

And, with head and heart filled with this laudable intention, Miss Georgie went gaily downstairs into the room where Mr. Lesley was placidly chattering with Mrs. Darrell in all ignorance of the little plot to make him alter his entire plan of action for the future.

Now it must be remembered that a suspicion had crept into his mind, born of Miss Georgie's contradictory conduct about his friend Hills of the Royal Horse, that "the little feather-topped beauty" (as he dubbed her) had been in some way the cause of the evident misunderstanding between Hills and Violet Darrell. Of course, as yet, he did not actually know that Violet was the girl over whom Hills had come, in years gone by, such a cropper as to have won for himself, not only in his regiment but almost throughout the entire service, the character of being the most cynical woman-hater who ever lived; but he suspected that it was so from the sudden blanching of Violet's beautiful face at the mention of his friend's name, and from the unmistakable agony which had flooded into her lovely eyes ere she turned away from the piano.

"Oh! is that you, Mr. Lesley?" was Georgie's airy greeting. "Mammie, dear, what a poor fire you keep! I assure you, Mr. Lesley, I am the regular stoker of this establishment, only I don't get my wages, and scarcely any thanks, for keeping the fires in good order. They say I'm extravagant—I say they're lazy."

"Let me do that," said Lesley, politely, as Georgie opened the lid of the coal box.

Georgie gave up the task to him with charming complaisance, and Mrs. Darrell looked on in mingled amusement and wonder at her little daughter's audacity; for, as a general rule, Georgie's way of filling the office of stoker to the household consisted of intimating to somebody else—that is to say, anybody who happened to be handy—that the fire wanted mending.

"Ah! that's quite lovely," Georgie cried, clapping her little dimpled hands together, as she watched the replenishing process from a low and easy chair close to the hearth-rug. "Oh! more—more, Mr. Lesley—you don't half know how to make a fire."

"Georgie—Georgie—the room will be like an oven," cried poor Mrs. Darrell in dismay.

"Yes, I know, mammie dear—that's what you always say," Georgie returned, airily.

Lesley, however, stayed his hand, and after making up what he believed would be a very cosy and comfortable fire, shut down the lid of the coal box and went back to his chair again.

"Where are your sisters?" asked Mrs. Darrell, after a moment's silence.

"I really don't know where Violet is," Georgie answered. "Madge is scribbling away for dear life at her everlasting story-telling."

"Does she know that Mr. Lesley is here?" inquired the mother, mildly.

"Oh, yes, dear," answered Georgie. "I saw him open the gate and told her who it was."

Now Lesley, being sharp enough to couple this admission with the little beauty's well-acted surprise at finding him in the drawing-room when she entered it, and connecting these facts also with his suspicions about Violet and his friend Hills, heard Georgie's words with a more than doubtful eye, and leaned upon her coquettish little countenance with a more than doubtful eye; in fact, he said within himself—"Little witch! that's your game, is it?" and thus Miss Georgie's little walk round about the truth was taken to no purpose.

In less than five minutes he was rewarded by the entrance of his divinity into the room. She came in quite quietly, but with the air of one who knew whom she would meet, and as Lesley held her fan, he unclasped hand in his and looked into the clear depths of her lovely, honest eyes, he fairly blessed himself that he had not been blinded by the gold-dust of coquetry with which little Georgie had for two hoodwink him as she had hoodwinked his friend Hills.

"I scarcely thought I should find you in to-day," he said. "Most of our officers have gone up to the Wests'; but I wanted to see you, so I looked in on the chance, as I did not know if you were going to the Wests' or not."

"Have they got a party on?" Georgie demanded, wrathfully.

"Yes; most of our officers have gone on there," Lesley answered. "I thought, if I found that you had gone, I could follow you."

"We were not asked," cried Georgie, indignantly.

"The Wests cannot ask everybody," put in Madge, with an amused laugh. "They have such tiny rooms."

"They can always find room to ask all the men," Georgie flashed out, at which her three hearers laughed merrily, and even Georgie, in spite of her indignation, was obliged to laugh too.

But after that she grew restless, too restless to make any very great endeavor to captivate Lesley; she wandered about the room in an aimless way, and stared out of the window into the grey dark of the winter afternoon, unmistakably watching and waiting. And then when Virginie brought in the tea, and going to the window would have drawn down the blinds and put in the shutters, she stopped her with a piteous but would-be careless, "Oh, don't put the shutters in, Virginie; I'll do it by and-by."

I am afraid that there was enough malice in Lesley's nature for him to enjoy the little scene thoroughly. He happened to know that Joey Lancaster, got up in irreproachable style, with a flower in his button-hole and a cigarette between his lips, had gone up the village, apparently bound for Miss West's hospitable domicile, but a minute or two before he himself had come up the road. It was likely enough that he had gone in the full expectation of meeting Georgie there, for, thoroughly as he despised the little beauty from a moral standpoint, Lesley did not pretend for a single moment that in attractiveness she was not infinitely superior to Flora West; but all the same it was a great joke to see her disgust and chagrin at his non-appearance.

Still he did not come, and Georgie was at last reluctantly obliged to leave the window and come nearer to the tea table, when Lesley took the opportunity of administering a pin prick which he had been saving for her benefit ever since he entered the room.

"I am going up to town to-morrow. I've got a few days' leave," he announced, keeping a careful eye on Georgie. "I'm going to meet my friend Hills there, Miss Georgie—Hills of the Royal Horse. And I mean to get to the bottom of his persistent refusal to come to Idleminster."

Georgie's face was a study!

CHAPTER X.

CYNICAL HILLS, OF THE ROYAL HORSE.

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad. HYPERION.

"I shall be back in a few days," Lesley said to Madge Darrell at parting, "and shall come to see you at once. You are quite sure that there is nothing in town that I can do for you?"

"Oh! nothing, thanks," Madge answered, gratefully.

In truth, to her, "town" did not convey any real idea of place where any thing could be done for her, more than if Lesley had told her he was just off to Hong Kong, and would carry out any commission she wished him to do there. She had only passed through it once—and that in the early morning, on her way from Liverpool street to King's Cross—and the little she had seen of it had not given her any desire to see it again. "I hope you will have a very good time," she said, in her sweet, friendly tones.

"I shall be glad to come back again," he said, significantly, "though, of course, one does get a very good time in London especially just now, when there is a lot going on. But I am going entirely on old Hills' account. There is a little mystery in Hills' past which I think I can clear up. I believe I have found the clue to what has puzzled me for several years.

He looked straight at Georgie as he spoke and saw—well, just what he expected to see, the unmistakable signs of guilt. But Madge was, of course, quite in the dark, and though she wondered a little at his words, had no thought whatever of connecting them with either of her sisters. Therefore, she bade him good-bye, and in another moment he was gone.

"How I do dislike that man!" she snapped Georgie as the door closed behind him.

"Why should you dislike him?" Madge asked, with open wonder.

"Well, because I do. He's so disagreeable and so superior."

"He didn't go to the Wests' anyway," said Madge, quietly; "and some other people did."

"Oh! Joey only went to see if I was there—if he went at all," Georgie asserted, with superb disdain.

And stayed to see whether you were going late," Madge, teasingly.

"I dare say your grand Mr. Lesley has gone there now," Georgie cried. "It's not six yet."

"But I saw him turn the other way and go towards the barracks; and so did you, my dear," returned Madge, laughing. "But there, there's neither of them is worth bickering about. Sit down in front of the fire and get yourself well toasted. Perhaps the valiant Joey will turn up yet, and then you'll be happy."

"How you girls do plague one another," cried Mrs. Darrell. "And some day, when your real trouble comes, you'll look back to the days at Ambledith, and make yourselves believe they were all sunshine."

"Yes, dear, I daresay we shall," laughed Madge. "And when we're all married to respectable, middle-aged husbands in comfortable circumstances, we shall be Georgie's always looking forward to), and I have a Georgie of my own, I shall tell her, when she is extra frivolous and full of fancies, that I don't know whom she takes after; certainly not her Aunt Georgie, who was the sunshine of our lives when we were all girls together."

"I'm not going to marry a middle-aged husband," cried poor Georgie.

"Even Joey would get middle aged in time, dear," Madge reminded her, gently; "though, to be sure, I don't think he will have the other qualifications, poor boy. Listen! was not that the gate? Perhaps it is Joey's own self. I'm sure I hope so, for you will be happy then."

It was Joey, the valiant, the redoubtable, who came in very full of grievances at having been upset he called "let in" for the party at the Wests'.

"Why didn't you tell me you weren't going!" Madge heard him grumbling in an undertone under cover of her music. "I said to you yesterday, 'I shall see you to-morrow,' and you said 'Yes,' and, of course, I went straight up to the Wests' and—" and then his voice dropped lower and lower until Madge could hear no more. Not that she was particularly anxious to do so, for her own thoughts, her own dreams, her own happiness to occupy her mind; and her opinion of Joey was so small that she had scarcely the patience to remain in the room to see how Georgie bloomed out like a flower in sunshine because he had come.

But, all the same, Georgie was not happy! If the truth be told, she had grown tired of being so utterly miserable in her life as she was during the few days which followed. True, in Joey's presence, she was, in a measure, able to throw off a horrible fear which stood knocking at the door of her heart—a horrible fear which had been standing there ever since, waiting for a chance of making itself heard—a horrible fear, whose name was Found out!

And as, owing to his duties and the ordinary usages of society, Joey could not take up a permanent residence at the Priory, there were many hours of the night, when she had to face and face that grim spectre and curse the very day when she had been foolish enough to give it standing room, and speculate on the very slender chance of its existence passing unnoticed by those whom she would fain keep in ignorance of it. A vain hope—a very vain hope! For, blind herself as she would, she could not shut out from her moral vision the stern fact that Lesley knew, and that Lesley did not mean to keep his knowledge to himself.

How she hated Lesley! Doubtless, he had already betrayed her to Hills, and they were laying their heads together as to how they might best humiliate and discomfort her.

But, in actual fact, it was not so. For Hills had not been able to get his leave for town until Lesley had been three days enjoying the delights of the center of civilisation. But, certainly, when they met, Lesley lost no time in satisfying his curiosity—at least, that is the way one would put it if one one was speaking of a woman. As he belonged to that stern sex which knows not the meaning of the word "curiosity," except as a very unpleasant feminine attribute, it will be best to say that he lost no time in trying to set his best friend's very crooked love affairs straight, and in endeavoring to turn his long-soured milk of human kindness back to its original sweetness.

Lesley had put up at his usual hotel, and there Hills had joined him. They dined together, looked in at a theater, and did a couple of evening crushes afterwards. And towards two in the morning they found themselves the sole occupants of the hotel smoking-room, with a good fire, and each man a whisky and seltzer at his elbow. So then, having waited patiently for several hours, Lesley waited no longer than to see his friend's pipe set fairly going.

"Old chap," he began; "we've been friends for a good while, you and I."

"Ever since we first saw one another," returned Hills, with what, for him, was a burst of heartiness.

"Well, old chap," said Lesley, not looking at Hills at all, but staring fixedly into the fire, "I believe it's just on the cards I may be able to do you a jolly good turn, and it shan't be my fault if I don't do it."

"Ah!" murmured Hills, in a questioning tone.

"Yes!"

"I may say anything I like without offence!"

"Of course," said Hills, wondering what in the wide world the fellow was driving at.

"Well, you know," Lesley went on, sighing a little, "you used to be the jolliest chap in the Royal Horse—or out of it, for that matter."

"Did I?" put in Hills, doubtfully.

"Yes, you did, old chap; and then, all at once, you changed—altered—went to pot as far as your old self was concerned."

"Men do alter," Hills admitted, finding that Lesley waited for him to say something, and not feeling at that moment at all in the mood for saying it.

"Yes, I daresay men do alter—when they've got something to alter for; not else," Lesley persisted. "You altered just about the time the Royal Horse went to India, and I've got to do you a service, old chap, so if I blunder over it a bit, you won't think anything of it, will you? But I want you to tell me if Violet Darrell—" but there Hills gave a great start, and Lesley stopped short. "I—I—didn't mean to offend you, old fellow," he ended, apologetically.

"I didn't say you had offended me," said Hills," in a choked sort of voice; and then there was a long silence between them, during which Hills pulled hard and fast at his pipe, and Lesley let his go out.

It was very uncomfortable; and poor Lesley turned and twisted in his chair, wondering how he should manage to break the ice and get on with what he had to say. At last, in sheer desperation, he blundered on—

"The fact is, old chap, since we've been in Idleminster, I've been pretty intimate with the Darrells; in fact, I've seen a good deal of them, and—"

"Look here," Hills interrupted, sternly; "you mean well, Lesley, old chap—you and Driver Dallas are the two best friends I ever had in my life—I know you mean well! But let that subject be; I can't stand it. I'll tell you now what you want to know, but let it be the last time I ever hear Violet Darrell I loved—Heaven help me, poor, unsupicious beggar that I was! I thought she cared for me. Perhaps she did—anyway she led me on when she was engaged to another man, and whether it was him or me she cared for I didn't wait to find out. I had found her out for the worst little that ever lived, and I washed my hands of her for good and all. You're right—it does sour a fellow when a thing like that happens him. It soured me. Sour I am and sour I shall be to the end of the chapter."

"One question, and I have done," said Lesley. "Who told you that she was engaged to another man?"

"Her own sister," cried Hills; "so there!"

"I knew it," cried Lesley, almost with a shout of triumph; "I knew it! Hills, old boy, shake hands with me, for I've circumvented that scheming little imp at last. Listen to me. Violet Darrell was never engaged to one man in her life—never. It was a deliberate lie of Georgie's to get you for herself. And Violet is free—free for you yet, old chap—has never cared for another fellow at all!"

"Lesley!" cried Hills, his lips beginning to tremble and his face to whiten in spite of himself.

"It's true," Leslie cried; "I tell you she turned as white as death when I mentioned your name, and I never rested till I felt as sure as I could be that Georgie was at the bottom of it. It's all true—as true as Gospel; for I tell you I'm utterly gone on the other sister, Madge; the one you've never seen—and Madam Georgie tried the same game on me! That was how I found her out."

(To be Continued.)

Aye! Which Husband?

American Minister (in London)—I cannot have you presented alone. A recent order of Queen Victoria is that no American married woman shall be presented at court unless accompanied by her husband.

Chicago lady—Which husband?

That Was a Step Beyond Him.

"What is the difference between a garret and an attic?" he asked the boy the other day.

"Oh, I haven't got as high as that yet," was the prompt reply.

Edison's Phonograph.

Here are a few little sketches showing how the Phonograph is used. They are the result of a short visit to Colonel Gouraud at his charming house at Beulah Hill, to hear Edison's friend and representative over here. The Colonel was in his cosy little study, and at once introduced me to Edison's masterpiece, which

THE APPARATUS.

seems likely to accomplish a peaceful revolution. The talking, singing, and playing apparatus stood on a table in the corner, occupying not much more room than a large-sized musical box. To the eye the machine consists of a small cylinder, which is put into motion by a battery. The phonograph is like a section of a big sectine gaspipe, a portion about three inches long being capable of containing about 1,000 words.

Suppose your wife is in New York, and she wishes to send you a long and, let us hope, loving account of her doings, and suppose that you both the happy possessors of perfected phonograms. She is provided with an article

like fig. A in my sketch, which she fixes to the cylinder, and addresses her sweet somethings into it. Having exhausted her supply, she pushes a button, stops the battery, takes off the gelatine pipe, wraps it up, stamps it, and drops it into the nearest letter box.

In about eight days her presumably anxious husband hears the postman's knock and is handed the gelatine missive (Fig. C). He at once rushes to his phonograph (let us hope), puts the battery in motion, slips the message on to the cylinder, drops the ear-hook into his ear (see fig. B, and listens to his wife's words, delivered in her own sweet voice with dulcet inflections which in some cases might be increased by the knowledge that the lady was (thanks to Mr. Edison) 3,000 miles away.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

A Fiendish Wish.

"You blame me for spending my money as I like," said a spendthrift. "It belongs to me, and is mine to dispose of as I see fit."

"Yes but the enormous wealth which you possess entails responsibilities that—"

"Oh, I've heard all that before!" interrupted the capitalist; "I only hope," he added, with infinite weariness, "that some day you may be rich yourself."

An Economical Wife.

Wife—I want $400. I'm going out this morning to do a little shopping. I've got to have a new parasol."

Husband—Four hundred dollars! Your extravagance will be the ruination of me yet.

"What did you get married for if you were not able to furnish your wife with the commonest necessaries of life?"

Only Twirled Her Mustache.

Charley (amazed at his friend's audacity)—You mean to say, dead boy, that you actually had the courage to tell your mother-in-law to go to hades?

"I did, sir."

"And what did she say, dead boy!"

"Nothing. She just glared at me and twirled her mustache."

Encored at the Start.

"Bravo, my child, you are a born actress."

"Yes, sir! My birth was encored."

"What do you mean!"

"I'm a twin."

And the Same to You, Sir!

Oh, what a surprise!—Scene: Distribution of prizes at National School.

Sir Offley Stuckuppe—There, my lad, is the prize you have won so well; and—er—and my earnest wish—er—is that you may go on—er—and become a—hem—working man and an upright and—er—honest member of society."

Tommy Snuffles—Thanky, sir, an' I wishes the same to you, sir!

Domestic Discipline.

Father—The boys are in a fearful rage. What have you been doing to them?

Ugly aunt—I didn't do anything to them.

"But you must have done something to them."

"I didn't do anything except give each one of them a kiss when I arrived."

"Well, don't do it again. If the children are to be punished, let me know it and I will attend to them."

A Case of Real Distress.

Judge—You are accused of having received stolen property. Didn't you know you were receiving stolen property?

Accused—Sludge, if I had sushpected dose goots was stolen, do you perleeve dot I ash a plahness man vould have paid terventy-five tollars? Not mooch. I vould have chewed him down to two tollars and a halaf. I vash schwindled myseluf.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power, can with any certainty discover what, at bottom, is the true character of any man.—*Burke.*

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

An Instance of the Wonderful Tenacity of a Bull-Dog.

1. "Now, I saw him go in!" (If he had looked at the other end of the hole, he might have—but to continue)

2. "And I'll wait till he comes out"

3. "And settle him!"

4. He'll be hungry before I shall."

5. "This is nothing to what a bull-dog can do!"

6. ——Let us moralize.

Only One Sheet in the House.

A commercial traveler, belated for the night in an Irish village, knocks up the proprietor of the only hotel he can discover. The landlord tells him it is impossible to find him a room, as he and his family occupy all the sleeping accommodation in the house. "But surely you can make a shake-down somewhere just for a few hours? I must be off by the six o'clock train in the morning." Pat retires to consult his better half, and shortly after returns to say they have managed to make up a bed in the bar parlor. The traveler thankfully accepts the make-shift, and asks to be called half an hour before the train starts, and that breakfast be then ready. Next morning the commercial traveler is awakened at what seems to him a much earlier hour than he requested.

"What time is it?" inquires he.

"Getting-up time, sorr."

"What time's that?"

"Nearly five o'clock, sorr."

"But I said half-past five would be soon enough."

"Right you are, sorr; but we want to get your breakfast ready."

"Well, get it ready, and don't bother me for another hour."

"More strength to you, sorr, and I wish we could; but when master made the bed last night there was only one sheet, and we made shift for the other with the table cloth!"

Scenes on the Seashore.

First Sweet One—Well, Alice, have you bathed much since you've been here!

Second Sweet One—Certainly not, dear—of what use is it? Why, the male sex of this town at present is only represented by a sweep, a wooden-legged boatman and a solitary nigger; and if I went bathing now, how would my new costumes look by the time the masculine creatures find their way down here!

"I do believe," cooed she, "that those dreadful men on the beach have had their horrid glasses pointed this way for the last twenty minutes. It really is too bad!"

The Irrepressible Drummer.

New York temperance man—My friend, I saw you come out of that saloon a few minutes ago. I hope the demon of drink has not fastened his clutches upon you! Stranger—Oh, no, I'm all right! I never drink. I was in there trying to convince the proprietor of the error of his ways. Temperance man—Oh, my dear friend, I am so glad to hear you say that! Were you successful? Stranger—You bet I was! I made him promise me faithfully that he would quit buying Tennessee whisky and get his supply from the house I represent in Pennsylvania. He's ordered ten barrels for a start. Here's my card; if I can do anything for you, just let me—

The Wickedest Thing He Had to Deal With.

The latest baptismal incident is related by a dignified judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota. A colored Baptist congregation was out on the border of a conveniently located lake, attending the immersion of a harvest of young converts gathered in at a recent revival.

Among the candidates for the rite was a strapping great mulatto woman, whose ample proportions were enhanced by a bustle, itself of no mean dimensions. When she went into the water the minister found the bustle a stumbling block to his holy work. It acted as a buoy for the candidate, floating her up when the minister attempted to put her under the water.

After he had experimented two or three times with the candidate, each time being defeated in his purpose by the bustle, one of the dusky brethren on the shore yelled out:

"Crowd dat ar bustle under the water, parson; crowd it under. It's de wickedest thing you've got to deal with."

Reflections of a Summer Boarder.

The pretty girl always has a fidgety mother.

The girl who hesitates is apt to fall into the pool.

The pretty boarder finds little rest and seclusion.

The landlord keeps his thermometer in the ice-box.

There is always a better room to be had for a little extra.

You never realize how dear things are in the country until you break something belonging to the house.

The running water in all rooms has often to be run out of the pitcher, except when it is raining.

The inquisitive man who goes to the station when the first train comes in soon finds out how the landlord gets so much milk from the one cow.

The unlucky angler should not blame the landlord for advertising good fishing.

You never find out whether there is malaria in the place until you return home.

The girl who goes out at daybreak with a towel wrapped up in a newspaper is pretty sure to turn around and see if she is being followed.

It Was so Sudden.

By reason of his skilful manœuvring and great adroitness, Mr. Billings had lived to the age of forty-nine without becoming a Benedict, but in an unguarded moment the discipline of a life-time availed him nothing.

It was on a May morning that he strolled into a garden with Miss Tenie McGinnis, a spinster of forty-eight. They sat down on a garden bench, and Mr. Billings unwittingly said:

"See those robins building their nests in that old apple tree!"

"Oh, Mr. Billings!" but Billings, seeming to have lapsed into idiocy, rambled on:

"Don't you like to see the little birds mate?"

"Oh, Mr. Billings! how you do talk!"

"Really, Miss McGinnis, I——"

"Oh, Mr. Billings!"

"Why, Miss——"

"Oh, Mr. Billings!"

"No, but, really, Miss McGinnis, I'm in earnest; I love to——

"Oh, you naughty man! And did you bring me out here to say this to me? Oh, Mr. Billings!"

"Why, I only said that I loved——"

"Oh—oh—it's all so sudden. What shall I say? I—I—suppose you'll just make me say yes. I—I—oh, George!"

"Why, I—I——"

"My George!"

"Why, woman, I——"

"I suppose I could be ready in a month if you really insist on it, dear George."

"See here, Miss——"

"Hush, darling, some one is coming."

And when their host and hostess appeared Miss McGinnis blushed and said with downcast eyes:

"We're engaged."

And Billings hadn't the nerve to deny it—and she married him.

Terribly Bad.

A phrenologist says that "fulness under the eye denotes language." When the fulness is caused by another man's fist it denotes very bad language, generally.

Natural Enough.

Professor Dryasdust: "When one knows what enjoyment is afforded to one's fellowmen by a lecture, it is a real pleasure to deliver it. You should just see how the faces of my hearers are lighted up with joy when I stop speaking!"

Wasn't Certain.

"What has given you food for so much earnest reflection, my young friend?" asked the minister at the Sunday school pic-nic, meeting little Johnny sitting silently by the roadside.

"I was wondering," replied the penitent young scamp, "whether I'd just eaten a mushroom or a toadstool."

'Twas Ever Thus.

A physician says that tuberculosis, diphtheria, and infectious fevers are all possible or actual results from kissing. The worst disease contracted by the young man who devotes several nights a week to the labial exercise is palpitation of the heart, which frequently terminates in a violent case of matrimony. This is less dangerous, but more expensive than either tuberculosis or diphtheria. And it hangs on longer, too.

Bound to Make His Mark.

A young man made up his mind to be a journalist, and the editor sent him to report a lecture. The journalist took the notes—took them out of the lecturer's hat when that gentleman wasn't looking. He had a full report of the lecture in the paper the next morning; but when the editor learned that the lecture had not been delivered on account of the lecturer losing his MS., he told the youth that he displayed altogether too much enterprise at the start. The latter was not to be nipped in the bud, however, for he is now editing a newspaper stand.

Which Accounts For It.

Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, and Mrs. Simpson, who keeps a rival establishment round the corner, were returning from market, when Dumley chanced to meet them. He almost swept the ground with his hat.

"That is Mr. Dumley, my fourth floor back," explained Mrs. Hendricks.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Simpson, "what a very polite and deferential young man."

"He is three weeks behind with his board," replied Mrs. Hendricks, grimly.

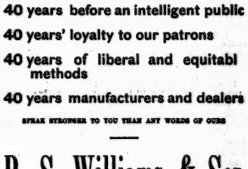
They Rob One Another.

Summer Sojourner (to seaside tradesman)—What on earth do you do here all winter after robbing visitors during the summer months! I should think you would die from want of excitement.

Seaside Tradesman—Oh, no; we manage to keep things fairly alive after you town folks get away from us.

"You do, eh! And how?"

"By robbing one another."



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Finer Goods or Better Values

can be found in the trade. Give our TEAS a trial. Samples sent on application.

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Successor to Jaffray & Ryan. Telephone 1850

LADIES!

MADAME BOUDOIR will remove all superfluous hair from the face by an entirely unfailing new method without pain or scar, or roughness to the skin.

No depilatories used. References from leading physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed. Note the Address

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Who originated the "Navy Schottische!" . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Gavotte Lancers!" . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Pedique!" . . . . . Prof. Davis
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Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) . Prof. Davis
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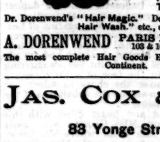
Every Lady should call and examine the Stock. PIECES TO SUIT ALL FACES.



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Gloves, Hosiery & Parasols

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS. NOTE PRICES:

25 doz. Black Lisle Jersey Gloves	15c.	former price,	30c.
25 doz. Black Lisle Frame Jersey Gloves	25c.	"	30c.
15 doz. Super Taffeeta Gloves	25c.	"	40c.
15 doz. Pure Lisle, 10 button length	30c.	"	50c.
40 doz. Black and Colored Kid Gloves, 4 button	50c.	worth	$1.00.
20 doz. All Wool Ladies' Cashmere Hose at 20c. less than half price			
20 doz. Ladies' and Children's Parasols, selling for less than 50c. on s			

Just received 50 doz. all pure silk pongee Hd'kfs. at 25c. cheap at 50c. Ladies do not fail to call and get some of the above bargains.

Personal.

Mr. Tilley has left the Island for the seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cox of Montreal are in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr are expected back from Europe at the end of the present month.

Mrs. George W. Torrance has deferred her departure to Murray Bay for the present.

Mrs. Beaty and the Misses Beaty are spending the summer on the American coast.

Mr. William McCabe is whiling the happy hours away on his fruit farm at Bronte.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans and family are camping out at Lorne Park.

Mr. Sterling and family sail by the next White Star steamer for Europe.

Mr. O. Roy of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, has been spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Henwood is acting as receiving teller in the absence of Mr. Bull of the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. H. Barker left the city on Wednesday for Muskoka where he intends to spend his holidays.

Mr. G. B. Studd of London England, and a brother of the famous cricketer, is in town this week.

Miss Flora B. Hardy of New York city, formerly of Toronto, is spending her vacation with friends in this city.

Mr. F. H. Torrington left on Monday for Peake's Island, Maine, and will be absent for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Goldman and family are summering at The Anchorage, on the central part of the Island.

It is with much regret that we hear of the continued serious illness of Miss Alma Greene of 52 Gloucester street.

Mr. Arthur Grasett of the Bank of Commerce, Montreal, is in town spending his holidays. He rowed in the Lachine four.

Mr. Billett of the Bank of Commerce, just returned from a visit to the old country, has been transferred to the Guelph agency.

Mr. Joel M. Briggs of the Bank of Commerce is home from New York and the delights of the Saltair's Rest.

Mr. T. Woodbridge, Mrs. Woodbridge and Miss L. Woodbridge left on Wednesday last for the Muskoka lakes, their destination being Prospect House, Port Sandsfield.

Mrs. Richard Baigent of Sherbourne street, accompanied by her son Frank, left for the Green Mountains, Vermont, on Monday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Davis of Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton returned last week from their honeymoon, which was spent in Montreal, Quebec, on the Saguenay River, at Tadousac, and Chicoutimi.

Dr. Verner of this city has returned from a brief vacation spent at Rosseau. The doctor reports the fish as more than plentiful, and the sport good.

Miss Minnie Calvert of McCaul street has left the city on a visit to her uncle, Mr. Thomas Calvert of the Calvert Lithographing Co., Detroit.

Mr. Martland of Upper Canada college is spending the summer vacation amongst the wolds of Yorkshire. At present he is drinking the waters at Harrogate.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherriff and family are spending the summer at the Island, as also are Mr. Geo. Gooderham and Mr. Albert Gooderham with their respective families.

Mr. Tom Oldwell of the Dominion Bank returned to town a few days ago browned and refreshed by a pleasant outing on the St. Lawrence. Fishing was very good but the blonde complexion is probably lost forever.

The genial features of Dr. Thorburn may be seen at the Inch Arran Hotel at Dalhousie, N. B. But the worthy doctor is not the only Torontonian there, for the comely features of Colonel John H. Beaty are also a feature in the landscape.

Mr. Robert Sutherland left for Mexico on Monday morning last. His objective point is the island of Carmen, which is a 200-mile sail from Vera Cruz. Mr. Sutherland expects to be away for some three years. Mrs. Sutherland accompanied her husband as far as New York.

Mr. W. H. Deacon of New York, and Miss Deacon of Frome, England, have been guests for the last few days of Mr. James Hewlett of 23 Wellington Place. They left on Thursday morning, with Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett, for a couple of weeks in Muskoka.

Mr. A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, has booked the following passengers this week from Toronto to Europe: Mr. Henry Cawthra and family (six), Mr. J. R. Russell, Mr. E. L. Kerr, Mr. A. P. Watts, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Hector Sutherland, Mr. E. J. Ryan, Mr. F. F. Palin, Mr. Wm. Baillie, Mr. H. Wright, Miss Burns and Mr. Jas. Wright.

Old Orchard Beach has long been a favorite resting place for the summer pilgrims of Toronto and Western Canada. Amongst our fellow-citizens who have gone down to the Beach during the week are Mr. Ritchie, Q.C., and family, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses King Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McFarlane and many others. If report be true the number and brilliancy of the dances at this favorite watering place surpasses all previous years.

The St. Michael's Parish garden party on Tuesday afternoon and evening was a most successful affair. The names of the ladies having charge of the tables were, St. Michael's table, Mrs. John Rennie and the Misses Merrick; ice cream, the Misses Foy; lunch table, Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe and Mrs. W. T. Murray; St. Patrick's table, Mrs. Murphy and Miss Burns; sodality table, Misses O'Byrne and McMullen; flower table, the Misses Wheaton; fruit table, Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Kelly. Among the visitors were Fathers Laurent, Rooney, McCann, Hand, Morris, McCaul (Whitby), McBride, LaMarche, Shea, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Frank A. Anglin, Dr. Cassidy, Dr. Shannon, Mr. John Rennie, Messrs. Merrick, P. Curran, William Burns. The Citizens' band was in attendance in the evening. Also the orchestra (Grand Opera House). The proceeds for the heating fund of St. Michael's cathedral.

The hotel at Clevelands, on Lake Rosseau in the Muskoka district gives a hop every Tuesday evening to which all the inhabitants of the surrounding islands flock in large numbers. The fun waxes fast and furious till a late hour in the night. The piano is fully up to concert pitch, and as several of the guests are excellent pianistes full justice is done to its merits. The following is a list of the guests at present staying at the hotel: Mr. and Mrs. Kersteman, Miss Kersteman, Mrs. A. F. Campbell, Mr. Duncan Campbell, Mrs. Craigie, Mr. and Mrs. Cook and son, Miss Cumberland, Miss Crawford, Mrs. Douthie and son, Miss Eddis, Miss Alice Eddis, Miss Mattie Green, Mr. Walter Green, Miss Meacham, Miss E. Meacham, Miss Bidout, Mrs. Skae, Miss Skae, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Wright, Miss Violet Wadsworth, Mrs. Yorke, Mr. Lionel Yorke and children. Just opposite the hotel on Burgess Island is a very jolly party of campers consisting of Mr. Eddis, Mr. J. R. Eddis and Mr. Herbert Eddis. I must not omit to mention a raft constructed by the young ladies, which is an unfailing source of amusement to themselves and admiration to the beholders. When covered with lovely damsels it picturesque enough, it forms a feature in the landscape, or more properly speaking, waterscape, worthy of the brush of a great painter. Races amongst the guests have been quite a feature in the every day affairs of this pleasant spot. Several fair Torontonians have shown themselves fleet of foot and well developed as far as biceps are concerned.

The following Torontonians are guests this week at the Lake View House, Grimsby Park: Mr. C. H. Gooderham and family, Mr. Henry Gooderham and family, Toronto; Mrs. Shoemaker and daughter, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Atkinson, Hamilton; Rev. T. Hiraiwa, Tokio, Japan; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Moon and family, Philadelphia; Mr. F. R. A. Lee and Miss Lee, Rev. W. R. Parker and family, Mrs. J. L. Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. Walker and family, Toronto; Mr. W. W. Robinson and family, Mr. A. E. Carpenter and family, Hamilton; Mrs. Clark, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. Davidson, Toronto; Mr. Vernon Halliday, Kingston; Mr. J. Brown, Toronto; Mr. W. Frank Kingan, Mr. George A. Schofield, Peterborough; Mr. A. R. Mack, Detroit; Mr. James W. Clinton, New York; Mr. Colin C. Milloy, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Mrs. S. Pearsey, Mr. and Miss Haldenby, Mrs. Fielding, Toronto; Mrs. George Foster, Miss Katie Foster, Miss Lillie Foster, Miss Lottie Foster, Miss Effie Agnew, Brantford; Mr. O. R. Hughes, Mr. D. J. Lindsay, Mr. P. H. Rowen, Toronto; Mr. O. Chown, Kingston; Rev. John Mahan, Mr. A. McKechin, Brampton; Mr. Theo. E. Perkins, New York; Mr. A. Williams, Welland; Mr. Charles W. Holmes, Madison, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Barber, Hamilton; Mrs. William Buck, Miss Buck, Miss A. E. C. Buck, Mr. Fred Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Heyd, Mr. Clarence B. Heyd, Brantford; Miss M. Smith, Brampton; Mr. A. F. Fraser, Hamilton; Mr. F. Yeigh, Toronto; Mr. J. M. Shuttleworth, Liverpool; Rev. E. S. Rowe, Brampton; Mr. Walter H. McClive, Mr. W. St. John Downey, St. Catharines; Mr. J. D. Ferguson, Mr. George A. Forbes, Mr. C. S. Cochrane, Mr. C. H. Wurster, Mr. A. M. Cunningham, Mr. J. W. Shepherd, Mr. John H. Paton, Mr. J. A. Michie, Mr. J. A. Zimmerman, Mr. George Brant, Mr. John Switzel, Mr. J. P. Bampfield, Hamilton; Mr. F. Warrington, Miss E. Warrington, Mrs. Laudon, Mr. Alex. Vutin, Toronto.

The cottages at Lorne Park which are principally occupied by Toronto families are appropriately and prettily named. Amongst others is Glenview, where that legal luminary and Masonic light, Mr. E. T. Malone, repose far from the madding crowd.

Rustico is the present abode of a namesake of him who impeached Warren Hastings at the bar of the House of Commons in the last century, and Mr. Edmund Burke confesses himself as quite satisfied by his surroundings.

Rev. Hugh Johnston has evidently been too much occupied with his sermons and parishional work to think out a name that is good enough for his present abode, which at present, alas! is nameless.

Buonavista is proof positive that Mr. Frederick Roper is a dabbler in *chateaux en Espagne* as well as telegraph stocks.

Linstock Villa is one of the landmarks at Lorne Park, as is its genial owner, Alderman Boustead, in the history of Toronto's City Councils.

Argyle Villa is another proof of that clannish spirit which is part and parcel of the gallant Highlander's internal economy. There never was a Campbell yet, much less a Paul Campbell, who would dare to acknowledge the tartan of the ducal house of Argyle.

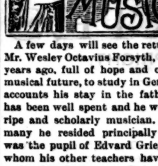
Brightside is, I hope, a happy omen of the complete recovery of Mr. W. H. Orr, who has been on the sick list, but is now, happily, gradually convalescing.

Pioneer Villa is the designation given by Mr. Ritchie to the place of his summer sojourning, from which it is safe to infer that Mr. R. is in one sense "our oldest inhabitant." I have never been able to locate the O. O. I. before, and Mr. R. has my best thanks in this connection.

Myrtle is the favorite color of Mr. J. W. Stockwell, who is a dyed-in-the-wool Lorne Parker, and the popular secretary of the company. May his shadow never grow less.

The following cottage holders have on their "thinking caps," and when their houses are christened, I shall have to thank Mrs. A. R. McMaster, Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Trotter of Woodstock, Mr. John Earls, Mr. John Martin, and the families of the two latter gentlemen.

The Lorne Park Hotel register confesses to the following names: Dr. Jones and family, of Cincinnati, U. S.; Mrs. John McNeil, New York, U. S.; Mr. James Pearson and family, Mr. T. Bilton and family, Mr. H. S. Mara and family, Mr. C. H. Nelson and family, Mr. Wm. Lalley and family, Dr. Howitt and family, Mr. Geo. W. Beardsley and family, Mr. C. E. Riggs and family, Mr. W. E. Wellington and family, Mr. W. N. Thompson and family, Mr. J. T. Thompson and family, Mrs. Newbury and family, Mrs. Briggs and son, Mrs. Stewart and Miss Stewart, Miss Holgate, Miss Watson, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mr. R. S. Neville, Mr. Bertram Thompson, Mrs. Prior and daughter, Mrs. Reynolds and daughter, Toronto.



A few days will see the return to Toronto of Mr. Wesley Octavius Forsyth, who left us three years ago, full of hope and confidence in his musical future, to study in Germany. From all accounts he has left the fatherland of music has been well spent and he will return to us a ripe and scholarly musician. While in Germany he resided principally in Leipsic, and was the pupil of Edvard Grieg, in addition to whom his other teachers have been Dr. Papperitz for the organ; Zwintscher and Adolf Ruthardt for the piano; Jadassohn and Schreck for composition and theory, and Richard Hoffmann for orchestration.

As one comes another goes. Miss Elwell, possessed of a spirit of adventure, goes to the United States, where she has secured a lucrative engagement, with responsibilities adequate to her abilities. Miss Elwell, I am glad to say, has made her presence felt during the three years she has been in Toronto. As a singer she is extremely pleasing, and as a player upon that somewhat recondite instrument, the concertina, she was a surprise to many Torontonians, who had no idea what an artist can do on this little instrument. In her phrasing and taste, Miss Elwell was a model to many a singer and many a violinist. But it was as a pianist that this lady displayed her artistic strength and force. Not remarkable for elegance of detail in her performance perhaps, there is a thoroughness and breadth in her playing that is eminently satisfactory, while her *ensemble* playing was a treat and a pleasure to all who participated, whether as performers or listeners. She will be missed in Toronto, especially among the musicians, among whom her cordiality and stability of character have made many friends, and I am sure that all will join me in wishing her "good speed."

In September Mr. Torrington's new College of Music will open. Mr. Torrington has thrown himself into this scheme with characteristic energy, and a handsome building is in course of erection on Pembroke street, which will contain many class-rooms and a large music-room 25 x 45, with a three-manual organ. He has secured some of the best teachers in the city to assist him, among whom are Mr. John Bayley, Mr. W. A. Forsyth, Mr. Carl Martens, Mr. E. R. Doward, Mr. W. E. Haslam, Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, and a number of others in the various departments of a properly designed College of Music. The feature upon which Mr. Torrington will lay himself out strongest will be, I fancy, his orchestral school, and for this he has the best possible advantages. It is questionable whether there is another music school in America with which there is a permanent orchestra which, while it appears most creditably before the public, offers a practical school for orchestral students. This advantage Mr. Torrington has secured and with the excellence of his other departments, the success of his college may be considered assured.

MITRONOME.

Announcements.

"Witch Hazel," a new and charming story by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon will begin next week in SATURDAY NIGHT.

"A Bad Man's Sweetheart," by Edmund E. Sheppard, author of "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc., will commence early in September.

A large and handsome Christmas number of SATURDAY NIGHT will be issued the second week of December, and will excel anything of the kind ever before attempted in Canada.

Delightful and Cheap Trip.

St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 16, A. F. and A. M., have arranged to have a picnic to New York, on Monday, August 13. The party will go *via* the Cibola, West Shore Railway and Hudson River steamers. This delightful route will in itself attract a great many, and the low fare of $10.50 and return, should ensure a large crowd.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The capital just now is as dull as ditch-water. Everybody who is anybody is away or at all events has closed up his residence, front door and retired to the enjoyment of mock-seaside in the woodshed. Lady Macdonald, the pivot of Ottawa society, is at Inch Arran Hotel, and many of her best beloved friends have gone to be near her. The "old man," as the political heelers delight to call him, is there taking as complete a rest as it is possible for the premier of the country and the keen leader of a bustling party to do. During his hours of leisure he has told he graciously accords considerable time and all of one ear to the amiable John Herbert Beaty who is also at Inch Arran. The Count I am assured sits by the chieftain and keeps him amused for many, many minutes per day, relating stories of John Small, Fred Barwick, Frank Nourse and other leading lights of the party in Toronto. The Premier is reported to be in splendid health and all I am sure, irrespective of politics, will be glad to hear of the venerable statesman's haleness and heartiness.

The suspense is over, and now we all know that Mrs. Dewdney will be with us once again and occupying the distinguished position of wife of a cabinet minister. And who will say that she will not fill the role most satisfactorily. She is a woman of eminently high, sociable instincts, and her lord himself is fond of company. So we can predict lots of pleasant and refined sociality in ministerial circles this winter.

WATCHMAN.

BARRIE.

On Friday evening last the spinsters of Barrie held a Leap Year assembly at Glenholme, the residence of Mrs. Geo. W. Lount. The large ball-room and the room immediately adjoining were devoted to lovers of the mazy. The floor and appointments were all that could be desired. For the benefit of those who did not dance the grounds were beautifully illuminated with colored lights. Mrs. Lount, on behalf of the committee, acted as hostess and performed the duties of her office in her usual pleasing manner. Among the guests were: Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Mrs. A. A. Mackid, Miss Greer, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lount, Mr. and Mrs. C. Way, Miss Way, Mrs. Hanbidge, Mr. F. S. Baker, the Misses Baker, Miss May Baker, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Reiner, Miss Stewart, Mr. Turnbull, Miss Cotter, Miss H. Bird, Miss R. Bird, Mr. E. G. Bird, Miss Campbell, Miss Mercer, Miss Hall, Miss Spry, Mr. W. B. Spry, Miss Cortright, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Miss Schriber, Mr. Adams, Mrs. Mason, Miss T. Mason, the Misses Forsyth, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. J. Forsyth, Miss Crawford, Miss Howson, Mr. E. Hewson, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Miss Holmes, Miss Murphy, Miss Hewitt, Miss Stewart, Mr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Frank Hornsby, Mr. A. J. Lloyd, Mr. L. D. Beatty, Mr. E. J. Rogerson, Mr. J. S. Porter, Mr. W. Cameron, Mr. D. A. Fraser, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. T. Crease, Mr. Pilsworth, Capt. Whish.

It is needless for us to attempt to describe all the handsome dresses worn. The ladies were all exquisitely dressed. The aim of the spinsters was to cap all previous parties and in this they succeeded. Amongst the pretty costumes I noticed Miss Mercer who appeared in an exquisitely handsome dress of pink nun's veiling and Chinese silk panels. Miss Cotter as usual looked handsome, wearing an elegant dress of black satin and lace. Miss Green looked well in a pale blue net, while Mrs. Nicholson's dress of black satin and lace was very handsome. Miss Schriber looked exceedingly well in peacock blue velvet and nun's veiling with an enormous bouquet of roses.

The evening throughout was one of thorough enjoyment. Ladies took the part of gentlemen in an admirable fashion and the gentlemen as ladies were not so successful, as might have been expected. Should the spinsters decide to give another dance the success that crowned their first effort will again be awarded as it was on Friday last.

Miss Hall is visiting Mrs. G. W. Lount.

Miss Johnston of Dunnville, who has been visiting Mrs. S. Lount, has returned home.

Miss Crawford of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting Mrs. Forsyth.

Mrs. Hanbridge of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Baker, at Sunnyside.

VERITAS.

NORWICH.

On Saturday, July 28, the wife of Mr. Charles E. Boyd of a son, and Mr. Charlie is quite the proudest man in town.

Mr. C. Brooke Marsland of the Molsons Bank has quite recovered from the effects of the sprained ankle received over a week ago while playing croquet.

Mr. W. Rourke Watters, the obliging and courteous ledger-keeper in the same institution, has returned from Otterville.

Mr. Claud Tidey and Mr. Charles Brown purpose spending a month among the Muskoka lakes next summer. Pressing business affairs prevent their taking in the trip this season.

Mrs. Lount and family are to remove to Walkerton shortly. Their many friends here will deeply regret their departure.

Mr. W. F. Pridgeon, a retired merchant from New York, has purchased Mrs. Lount's house, and will in future make this town his summer headquarters.

The Norwich Croquet Club play the Burgessville Croquet Club on the grounds of the former on Friday next, August 10th.

The postponed game of lawn tennis between the Benedicts of Norwich and the Dudes of Ingersoll will be played on August 9th at Woodstock. Mr. Rumsey, the gallant secretary of the W. L. T. Club, having kindly placed those grounds at the disposal of the above contestants.

A number of Woodstock people spent Sunday last here. Among those noticed may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. John Hay and Mr. White.

Miss Martin's lawn social in aid of the Sunday School fund for the Church of England was a very successful affair; it took place on Friday evening, July 27th. Among those noticed were Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Bungay, Mrs. Lount, Mrs. Brady, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Brown. About $50 were realized.

Rumor has it that an event of peculiar importance to two of the leaders of society here will shortly take place. The chiefs have my already receiving the sincere congratulations of her numerous friends.

Several of our townspeople make weekly trips to Port Dover to get out of the heat and dust.

BERLIN.

The town presented a very gay appearance Wednesday and Thursday of last week on the occasion of the band and firemen's tournament. The concert and ball, held on the two evenings, were a decided success, Mr. James Fax, comic singer, being the chief attraction. The park in the afternoon was crowded with people from all parts of Ontario. The different bands gave some very fine selections. Captain Clark's cadets of Guelph drilled on the occasion and were duly appreciated by all.

Mr. Stone of the Bank of Commerce left Wednesday for two weeks' enjoyment.

Mr. Proctor has returned home after a pleasant visit at Mrs. Funnells. Mrs. Roe left last week for Owen Sound, and Mr. and Mrs. Burrows have returned from that place.

Miss Crookall is visiting some old Berlin friends. Miss Goodall left Monday for her home in Galt, being the guest of Mrs. Jaffray while here.

St. John's Church held its annual picnic Thursday, on the banks of the Grand River. Everyone came home well satisfied with the day's enjoyment.

The Canadian Business University, Public Library Building, Toronto, will re-open for the Fall term on Monday, September 3. If in search of a Business Education write them.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BRENT—On July 29, at Hamilton, Mrs. Geo. W. Brent a son.

BARRETT—On July 28, at Montreal, Mrs. R. P. Barrett a daughter.

CLARKE—On July 23, at Montreal, Mrs. Esmonde L. Clarke—a son.

FLIVT—On July 27, at 22 Victor avenue, Mrs. Albert Flint—a daughter.

HODGSON—On July 28, at 32 Bloor street west, Mrs. J. E. Hodgson—a son.

KENNEDY—On July 23, at the Baptist parsonage, Vankoughnet, Mrs. Kenneth Kennedy—a son.

MURDOCK—On July 24, at 40 D'Arcy street, Mrs. M. D. Murdock—a son.

CHRIGLEY—On July 13, at Pelee Island, Mrs. Ass Srigley—a daughter.

SCRACHE—On July 18, at Kingsville, Mrs. Howard Scratch—a son.

BELL—On July 2, at Gananoque, Mrs. G. A. Bell, Quyon, Que.—a son.

McCARTHY—On July 27, Mrs. D. F. McCarthy—a son.

HIGH—At 815 Cumberland street, Mrs. W. H. Bailey—a son.

REID—On July 28, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. Warren Reid of Ottawa—a daughter.

STUNDEN—On July 25, at Gananoque, Mrs. E. Stunden—a daughter.

ROBINSON—On July 9, at Toronto, Mrs. G. G. Robinson—a son.

EBERNETHY—On July 29, at Deseronto, Mrs. W. G. Abernethy—a daughter.

ABER—On July 28, at Deseronto, Mrs. John Aber—a daughter.

HENSHAW—On July 29, at Meadow Bank, St. Hyacinthe, Mrs G. Hayward Henshaw—a son.

LIGHTFOOT—On July 31, at 1,034 Queen street west, Mrs. R. J. Lightfoot—a daughter.

PARKS—On July 22, at Deseronto, Mrs. Sheldon Parks—a son.

READ—On July 17, at Bobcaygeon, Mrs. F. W. Read—a daughter.

FERGUSON—On July 25, at 52 Isabella street, Mrs. John Ferguson—a son.

ACKSMAN—On July 25, at Port Perry, Mrs. B. F. Acksman—a son.

BLACK—On July 23, at 41 Charles street, Mrs. J. Campbell Black—a son.

KAISER—On July 22, at Goderich, Mrs. J. B. Kaiser—a son.

STRANG—On July 22, at Goderich, Mrs. H. J. Strang—a son.

Marriages.

BURTCH—FISHER—On July 25, at St. Catharines, by Rev. Mr. Torrell Leonard Burtch to Mary E. Fisher, all of St. Catharines.

BONNETT—HANCOCK—On July 25, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Canon Falls, M.A., Alexander Bonnett to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Hancock, all of Amherstburg.

CRAIG—COLSON—On July 25, at Berlin, by Rev. J. Wesley German, Samuel Craig to Sarah Colson, both of Guelph.

MOORE—HESLOP—On July 25, by the Rev. W. A. V. E. Pettyson, H. Moore, B.A., to Emma, youngest daughter of James Heslop, York Township.

FEAGAN—WARDROBE—On January 6, by Rev. Dr. Parker, D.D., Harold Edward Feagan to Mary A. Wardrobe, all of Toronto.

MILLAR—FRIEL—On July 26, at L'Original, by Rev. John Fairlie, Matthew Millar to Dora Evelina, youngest daughter of the late Judge Friel.

CROFT—DeBOCK—On July 25, at Buffalo, by Rev. P. G. Cook, Wm. Croft, jr., of Toronto, to Mabel, eldest daughter of Henry Frederick DeBock late of Rotterdam, Holland.

GILMORE—FULTON—On July 25, at Cornwall, Mr. G. M. Gilmore, contractor of Hamilton, to Mrs. C. Fulton.

ROBINSON—SMITH—On July 18, by Rev. A. Martin, Alexander Christie Robinson of Medonte, Simcoe county, to Rebecca Smith, third daughter of Philip Smith of Marpole.

ROSS—CLIFFORD—On July 26, at St. George's Cathedral, New York city, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, formerly of St. George's, Kingston, George W. Ross, formerly of Kingston, to Annie Helena Clifford of Albany, N. Y.

MANN—PASSMORE—On July 31, by Rev. Dr. Thomas, Eva, third daughter of Richard Passmore to George Mann, both of Toronto.

TAIT—HOBSON—On July 25, by Rev. Peter Wright, L. D. Tait of Olean, N. Y., to Emma, daughter of Robert Hobson of Stratford.

Deaths.

ABBOTT—On July 30, accidentally drowned at Kingston, Mrs. S. W. Abbott, aged 35 years.

BILLET—On July 22, in Verulain Township, Stephen Billet, aged 72 years.

CLARKE—On July 28, at Montreal, Wm. Clarke aged 50 years.

EQUI—On July 30, at 269 Yonge street, Lois J. Equi, aged 23 years.

KIRKPATRICK—On July 26, at Oshawa, Mrs. Wilhelmena Hay Kirkpatrick, aged 30 years.

LIVINGSTON—On July 28, at St. Catharines, James Livingston, aged 70 years.

McAVOY—On July 29, at Pickering, Christopher McAvoy, aged 53 years.

MACDONALD—On July 28, at Montreal, William Macdonald, M. D., aged 52 years.

McDONALD—On July 26, at Wingham, Sarah McDonald, aged 79 years.

RYCKMAN—On July 29, in the Township of Louth, Wm. H. Ryckman, aged 70 years.

SHIELDS—On July 30, at 137 College avenue, Seymour Lewis, aged six weeks and two days.

CANAVAN—On July 29, at Dovercourt, James Birch Canavan, aged 30 years.

STONE—On July 29, at 189 Bleeker street, Beatrice Dorothy Stone, aged 9 weeks and 3 days.

HORNING—On July 30, at Waterdown, Mary Ann Horning, aged 76 years.

BOECHR—On July 30, at Rochester, N.Y., Aileen Marguerite Boeckh, aged 4 months and 10 days.

LEAVITT—On July 26, at Hallowel, Rev. David Leavitt, aged 79 years.

LAWRENCE—On July 22, drowned in Burlington Bay, Walter L. R. Lawrence, aged 17 years.

MARGACH—On Aug. 1, at Toronto, John Bain Margach, aged 44 years.

MUTTON—On July 30, at Mount Royal Vale, Olive Gertrude Cory Mutton, aged 3 months.

MACDONALD—On Aug. 1, at Rosedale, Archibald Macdonald, aged 83 years.

RICHARDSON—On July 31, at Guelph, Robert Moffat Richardson, aged 51 years.

KUPITZ—On July 28, at 33 Queen street west, William Kupitz, aged 22 years.

STEWART—On July 30, James Stewart, aged 69 years.

WHITE—On July 27, at Bryanston, William White, aged 73 years.

ANDERSON—On July 31, Ellen Anderson, aged 74 years.

WILLIAMSON—At her father's residence, Lydia Clark Williamson, aged 23 years.

BONSALL—On July 23, at Poltimore, Que., W. F. Bonsall, J.P., aged 68 years.

DARBY—On July 16, Rev. George W. Darby of North Wingfield Rectory, Derbyshire, aged 70.

DUTTON—On July 27, at Guelph, Annie Maria Dutton, aged 25 years and 5 months.

DUFF—On July 26, Mrs. W. L. Duff, aged 69 years.

FRASER—On July 22, at Bowmanville, Agnes Wilson Fraser, aged 4 years and 5 months.

FETTERLY—On July 25, at Cornwall, Zeneas Fetterly, aged 18 years.

HALY—On July 12, Henry John Canton Haly, Captain in the Reserve of Officers, youngest son of the late Gen. Sir William Cundy Haly, K.C.B., etc., Commander of the Forces in British North America, and of Harriette, his wife, aged 49 years.

JOHNSTON—On July 29, at Kingston, Annie M. Johnston.

KIRKPATRICK—On July 28, at Kingston, James Kirkpatrick, aged 68 years.

MORRISON—On July 28, at Toronto, William Archibald Morrison, aged 6 months.

ROCQUE—On July 28, at St. Joseph's Village, Gloucester, Pierre Rocque, aged 72 years.

ROSS—On July 23, at North Sydney, C.B., John Ross, aged 52 years.

DAVIDSON—On Aug. 1, at Streetsville, George Davidson, aged 64 years.

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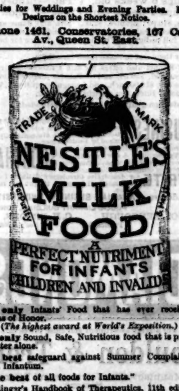

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His Reason.

A military officer once engaged a car in Cork, and at the end of the trip paid the driver sixpence. Now, sixpence was the exact amount due, but more generous customers were in the habit of paying a shilling for the same distance.

"Bad luck to the Zulus!" muttered Pat, ruefully looking at the same coin in his palm. The Zulu war was in progress, or had just ended, and the officer turned round sternly.

"What is that you say?"

"Bad luck to the Zulus, sorr!"

"Why do you say it!"

"Faith, yez honer, because they're killed all the shilling officers, and left none but the sixpenny ones."

Something More.

A school-inspector was examining a class in grammar, and trying to elucidate the complex relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example. "Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?" That was an easy question, and all the children shouted, "A man!" and then looked round triumphantly, as much as to say, "Ask another." "Yes; but what else?" said the inspector. This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest "A little man." "Yes; but there is something more than that." This was a poser; but at last an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness, and cried, "Please, sir, I know, sir—an ugly little man!"

Presence of Mind.

"I don't pretend to be a great fighter," said a little passenger from Cork; "but when I was taking a stroll late at night over in Liverpool two footpads waylaid me and were about to knock me down, when I struck a belligerent attitude, and raised my hand. Well, sir, these ruffians fled as quickly as if a dozen policemen had suddenly loomed up in front of them."

"That was great presence of mind that you displayed," remarked a commercial from Belfast.

"Oh, no," replied the Cork man, modestly, "it wasn't presence of mind, It was a six-chambered revolver."

A Valuable Book.

"How are you spending your time now, Bingby?"

"I'm writing a book."

"A novel?"

"No, a book of advice for authors, editors, and reporters. It will be of great value to them.

"What became of that poem you wrote some weeks ago?"

"I sent copies to different newspapers, but they were declined with thanks.

Looking Ahead.

The Professor—Why! whatever's the matter, Kate!

Kate—Wh-why, B-Bertie came to a-ask your consent to our ma-marriage, and I told him you were a phre-phrenologist, and w-would feel his h-head; and he tr-tried to raise his bump of be-benevolence with a broomstick, and he's astunned himself! Come and see him qu-quick, pl-please!

Very Reassuring.

Lady—Have you any man calling to see you? New Cook—Yes, mum.

"I don't like to have strange men coming to the house. I am afraid of burglars."

"Be aisy, mum; the gintleman is a perlicerman. He is just the man you want to have on the praymesis if it's burglars that yez be afraid of."

Nice Fresh Eggs.

Old Lady (to grocer)—My daughter is quite an invalid, sir, and wants some nice fresh eggs.

Grocer—Yes, ma'am (to boy), James show this lady those invalid eggs.

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King or Knave?—By R. E. Francillon, 30 cts.
The Wrong Road—By Major Arthur Griffiths, 30 cts.
A Real Good Thing—By Mrs. Edward Kennard, 30 cts.
Chris—By W. E. Norris, 30 cts.
A Glorious Gallop—By Mrs. Edward Kennard, 25 cts.
The Devil's Die—By Grant Allen, 30 cts.
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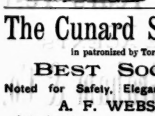

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7 Pups 4 weeks old, ("Pat"—"Bijou")

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This Kennel also offers for sale 1 handsome Grayhound, one year old, $30.00; and 8 Pointer Puppies (dogs) three months old, $15.00 each, and 1 magnificent black, White and Tan Cocker Bitch, ten months old, $20.00.

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Throughout the month of August hops will be given every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

THE ANNUAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT will take place August 23, 24 and 25.

Special rates to Tournament players by Steamboats and Hotel.

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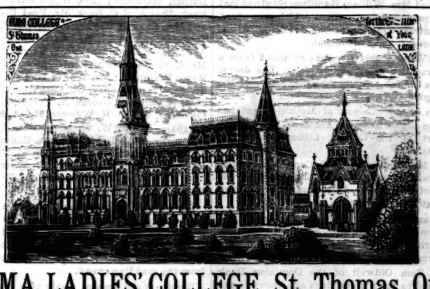

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